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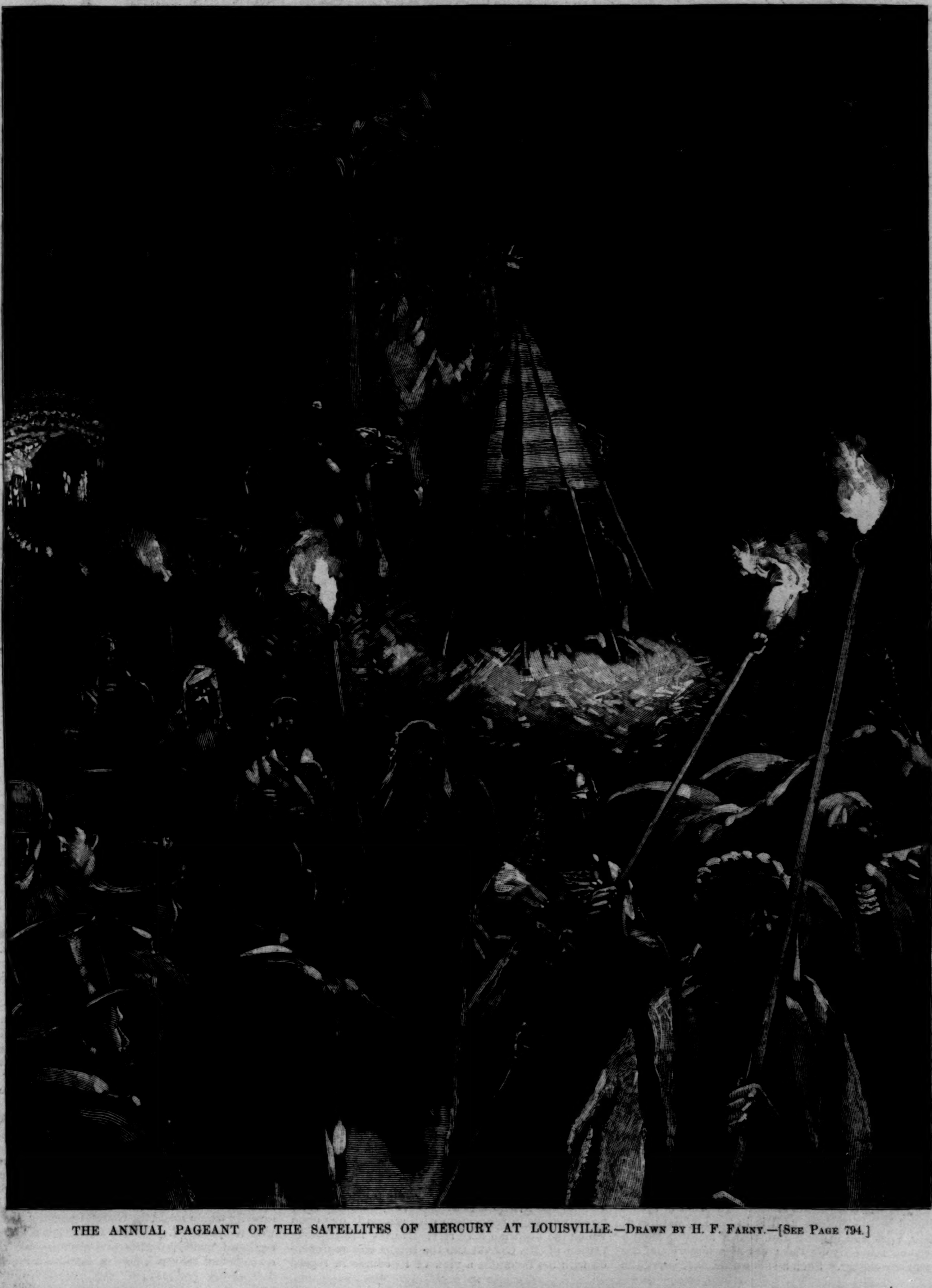

THE ANNUAL PAGEANT OF THE SATELLITES OF MERCURY AT LOUISVILLE.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 794.]

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THE MAJORITY.

IT was not easy to read without wincing the summary proceedings of the House of Representatives in the last election cases. It is not a mere figure of speech to say that under the rules as administered by the Speaker the House is ceasing to be a deliberative body. The majority, of course, must rule, but no sensible man will deny that a majority, under skilful leadership, may be as absolutely and recklessly tyrannical and unjust as one man, and it is impossible to read the story of the proceedings on the 23d of September without acknowledging that they were an outrage upon parliamentary government. The Speaker hastened from the House to Philadelphia, and there, amid the tumultuous applause of a concourse of fellow-partisans, he asked, "Do you want a House which intends to transact business?" as if the proceedings of the day were in any just and honorable sense the fair parliamentary transaction of public business. But he said another thing which was very true. "We have just come from a scene which reminded men who were in Washington in the early days of the Republican party of the scenes which took place there at the beginning of the war."

In these words the Speaker recalls the days a little earlier when the slave power controlled Congress through the Democratic majority as absolutely as the Republican majority controls it now. He recalls the days when SUMNER, CHASE, SEWARD, and HALE were the only antislavery Senators, and when the majority in the Senate, under the brutal leadership of DOUGLAS, tried to browbeat them into silence, and PRESTON BROOKS finally sought to assassinate SUMNER in his seat. The Congressional story of those days is told in a phrase—a reckless partisan majority. It had the power of a majority, and it abused it monstrously; and in the righteous reaction of public opinion, the party of the majority was swept from its ill-used power for a quarter of a century. The *tone* of the recent proceedings to which we refer, although the question was only that of a seat, the despotic disposition and intolerance which they revealed, were precisely those of the old slavery Democratic majority of the days before the war. The power of a majority always tends to intoxicate itself, as the history of those old days and of the French Convention shows; and to plead the rightful power of the majority as the justification of every exercise of the power is a wrong which in a republic that retains a love of justice and fair play will be remembered and righted. The way to prolong power is to use it justly. The Republicans control the House. The rule of action should be in Congress, as it is in the Legislatures of New York and other States, that a measure should become law only by the votes of a majority of the members elected. Such a rule would have saved the frequent shames of this session. But until it is adopted no honorable member of the majority party ought to attempt by any device to force a member of the minority to assist in passing a measure which he holds to be injurious. General HAWLEY stated the case perfectly as understood by honest men and just legislators: "If the majority desires to have a bill passed in opposition to our wishes, let the majority come here and pass it over our heads." Speaker REED held and strongly expressed the same view:

> "It is a valuable privilege for the country that the minority shall have the right, by this extraordinary mode of proceeding, to call the attention of the country to measures which a party in a moment of madness and of party feeling is endeavoring to enforce upon the citizens of the land. And it works equally well with regard to all parties, for all parties have their times when they need to be checked, so that they may receive the opinions of the people who are their constituents, and who are interested in the results of their legislation."

Could there be any spectacle more extraordinary than the author of these words, become leader of the majority and Speaker of the House, actually locking the doors of the House to enable him to count, or to assume to count, the members of the minority, and so force them to help the passage of bills which they were elected to oppose, and then hastening to Philadelphia to describe the proceeding as a prompt transaction of business?

THE TARIFF.

THE debate on the MCKINLEY tariff bill was closed by a speech from Senator CARLISLE, which is admitted on all sides to have been a very able and powerful analysis of the bill, such as was possible only for a master of the subject. It was an array of facts and figures interpreted by complete knowledge, and presented with clear and resistless logic. The tone of the speech was calm, as befits the subject. Mr. CARLISLE seldom appeals to the emotions, and fortunately the effect of a discussion of the tariff depends little upon the art of the orator. His speech should be read with the tariff as a statement in detail of the actual character of the varied tax which the bill levies.

Against such a statement the florid generalizations of the benefits which are sure to follow high protection are of little avail. It is not a tariff in itself to which objection is made. There is no disposition to resort to direct taxation. But it is the unreasonable and exorbitant rates of the new tariff and its inequitable distribution which have stirred public feeling so deeply, and have elicited strong protests even from friends of protection. Although debate in the House was remarkably restricted, the general discussion of the last two years in the press and on the platform has been an admirable education. The present generation in the country understands the question much more clearly than before Mr. CLEVELAND'S famous message. It sees, for instance, that under the plea of a just protection of American labor fairly distributed upon intelligible principles among the whole body of citizens, a tariff is the result of a contest of individual interests, each striving for the utmost advantage that it can seize, the producer demanding a bounty, and the manufacturer free raw material.

The elections of the autumn will be an interesting study, because, under our American usage, they will be taken as an expression of general opinion upon the action of Congress. A decisive Republican victory would be fairly regarded as a popular approval of high protection as embodied in the new tariff, and would probably tend to bring other questions into greater prominence. A Republican loss would naturally stimulate the debate to renewed activity, by inspiring the hope that serious modification of the tariff, such as GARFIELD, MCCULLOCH, and other Republican statesmen would have advised, might be soon possible.

TAKING A RECKONING OF REFORM.

THE annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League was held this year in Boston with all the usual spirit and interest. The object of the league is primarily to arouse public attention and to stimulate action by exposure of the evil to be corrected, and by consideration of methods and results so far as they have been put in practice. The movement is at present largely an agitation not only to instruct the public, but also to extend the application of the reformed system. When, however, the reform shall have been actually adopted as a policy by any party, the distinctive work of the league will have been accomplished.

One point of especial interest at the annual meeting of the league is the consideration of the advance in reform during the year. This brings into review the course of the administration of the day, and it cannot be denied that the judgment of the league upon that point has been uniformly just. Its estimate of the ARTHUR, CLEVELAND, and HARRISON administrations in connection with reform is one upon which the historian may rely. During the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND the league was reproached with too favorable a view of its course in regard to civil service reform. But the report of a special committee of the league upon that very subject contains the most accurate statement of the facts. In 1887, when there was ample and indisputable ground for a judgment, the league said that when due account had been taken of the observance of the reform law, and of excellent appointments that had been made, and of the President's personal sympathy with reform, his administration could not be called a reform administration. This year the same judgment is rendered upon the HARRISON administration, and the definite pledges of the platform upon the subject are stated to have been broken. This is a conclusion which no honest observer, it seems to us, can deny, and it is true despite the fact that the reform law has been enforced as fully as by the CLEVELAND administration.

On the other hand, that the law should have been in general enforced, and that the House refused by a very large majority to repeal it, and that eminent leaders of both parties unreservedly approve the law, are facts that show the steady and substantial progress of opinion. It is not yet effectively adopted as a party policy, because the political leaders who control that policy are hostile to reform, and do not yet feel a resistless pressure of opinion. But experience and agitation are constantly strengthening the volume of public opinion. The last barrier that will be overcome is that of the political managers. But their surrender depends wholly upon the public conviction of the desirability and feasibility of reform. This conviction is strengthened by everything which shows the extent and power of corruption. Talk like that of Senator INGALLS and a campaign like that in Pennsylvania are the most powerful arguments for civil service reform.

CANDIDATES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE condition of the public mind is shown in nothing more clearly than in many of the candidates nominated in Massachusetts for the next Congress. Upon both sides men have been selected who by character and ability are peculiarly fitted for the great trust, and in many districts, whoever may be elected, the State and the country will be well served. The most striking fact, however, is the appearance of former Republicans as Democratic candidates, which is an illustration of the consciousness of the practical adjustment of old issues. Among the Democratic candidates of this kind are Mr. JOHN F. ANDREW, the present member from the Third District, who is a son of the late Governor ANDREW, and until 1884 a Republican. Mr. ANDREW is a tariff reformer and an active friend of civil service reform. He is opposed by EDWARD L. PIERCE, who, like Mr. ANDREW, was nominated by acclamation. Mr. PIERCE was an early free-soiler, and has been long conspicuous in the Republican party of Massachusetts. He is the literary executor and biographer of CHARLES SUMNER, and few men in the State have a more comprehensive and thorough familiarity with national and State politics of many years. He is a Republican who has always adhered to the party, and has always been among those who sought to confirm its higher character and aims. He is a hearty civil service reformer, and a candidate of whom every honest and patriotic voter may be sure that his fidelity to party will not make him its slave, and that his character is the guarantee of the most conscientious public service.

In the Fifth District, which is generally Republican, but which elected THEODORE LYMAN, an Independent, a few years since, and which Colonel HIGGINSON vigorously contested as the Democratic and Independent candidate two years ago, Mr. SHERMAN HOAR has been nominated by the Democrats. Mr. HOAR is the son of ex-Judge HOAR, Attorney-General in GRANT'S cabinet, and a sturdy old free-soiler and Republican. Senator HOAR is Mr. SHERMAN HOAR'S uncle. In the young man's veins there is not a drop of blood that was not originally free-soil and Republican, but he has been an active Democrat for two or three years, and wholly upon the issues of to-day—the tariff, civil service reform, and the treatment of the South. Mr. HOAR will make an active and vigorous contest, and with a good chance of success, as the Republicans have dropped General BANKS, and nominated a candidate who is not altogether acceptable to the party. General BANKS'S defeat in the Convention ends his political career, which thirty-five years ago promised to culminate in very high honors. When, in 1856, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, he spoke for FREMONT to the merchants of New York at the Merchants' Exchange in Wall Street, there were many who saw in him a coming President.

To complete this remarkable list, it is understood that Colonel CHARLES R. CODMAN will be the Democratic candidate in the First District of Massachusetts. Until 1884 Colonel CODMAN was a Republican, conspicuous alike for his ability and his independence. As chairman of the Republican State Convention in 1883, we believe, he scored General BUTLER with a severity which made the General wince, and which is well remembered. Colonel CODMAN is a thoroughly equipped tariff reformer and a strenuous friend of civil service reform. He commanded a regiment in the war, and his courage is equal to his convictions. These are remarkable nominations, which show the political time of day. The three Democratic candidates whom we have mentioned are of the best Republican stock; they are strong tariff reformers and radical civil service reformers; and as public men their faces—to use Senator HOAR's phrase—are turned toward the morning. Such changes in the original and characteristic Republican State of Massachusetts reveal the movement of the public mind. In New York the Democratic party retains much of its old character, and does not invite the co-operation of any but its own partisans. But in Massachusetts such candidates as these indicate an essential change in the party impulse and spirit.

THE FIGHT WITH TAMMANY.

GOVERNOR HILL, the active leader of the Democratic party in New York, has been taking counsel with Tammany how most certainly to defeat the effort of honest citizens to recover control of the city from Tammany Hall. Nothing has done more to confirm and perpetuate the distrust of the Democratic party which was so long felt in this country, and which still survives, than the control of it in New York by Tammany Hall. That name signifies to the American mind a nest of political corruption, and so long as it remains what for so long a time it has been, there will be a constantly renewed effort of the character and intelligence of the citizenship of New York to throw off its yoke.

It is not surprising that this time the clergy are actively interested in the movement, because, as a class, they represent distinctively the moral sentiment of the community. The movement is for honest government in affairs that have no concern with politics or political parties.

Politics can enter into the execution of plans for the better lighting or paving or draining the city only to make a corrupt job of them, and as the experience of other great cities proves that the more completely politics are excluded from municipal government, the cheaper, more efficient, and satisfactory it is, the fight will continue until New York has as good and economical a government as any city in the world.

The reform movement relies upon citizens simply as citizens, not as belonging to any Church or party or occupation or organization; not as rich men or poor men or as anything whatever, except residents of New York who wish to secure honest government. The proposition of the Rev. Mr. HUNTINGTON, therefore, to submit the nomination of a Mayor to the labor unions was as wholly inconsistent with the scope of the movement as if he had proposed to submit it to the Prohibitionists or to the Republican associations. Members of labor unions are no more desirous of honest government than members of other organizations for specific purposes. They share with all good citizens the desire for good local government, which the Municipal League is organized to promote, and which Governor HILL and Tammany intend, if possible, to defeat. The purpose of the league is unmistakable, and everybody who approves it will vote against Tammany.

MR. WATTERSON'S SPEECH.

IN his recent speech at Boston Mr. HENRY WATTERSON depicts with great vigor what he holds to be the mistaken views of "the South" which are expressed by Republicans like Senator HOAR and Speaker REED, and he condemns them as absolutely false. There is apparently, he says, a belief in the Northern mind that the people known as "the South" are radically and essentially different from those of "the North." On the contrary, he asserts that "body and soul they are exactly alike"; and they have done nothing which in their places the Northern people would not have done. "The sin of slavery was in the beginning a divided sin, but the cost and curse of it have fallen solely upon us, and we have expiated it." He protests strongly against the misapprehension of the character and conduct of Southern citizens, and states plainly the race problem as it appears to them.

Mr. WATTERSON holds that the separation of races is practically as absolute in Boston as in Charleston, yet that the separation in the South is even more natural, because the "average black man" in Boston is as different intellectually from the "average black man" in Alabama as FREDERICK DOUGLASS from Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But if the colored man's right of civil equality should be asserted by an act of Congress, and enforced in Boston under pains and penalties by a complex array of officers, and finally by the army—how then? In the "black belt" the negroes generally, he says, have no conception of the meaning of a ballot. But it is proposed to organize them as voters, under the most irresponsible partisan leaders, and "vote them" at the polls in blocks of five or five hundred. Left to himself the negro cares little for the franchise, but hitched to a political machine he becomes a terrible because unintelligent force. Mr. WATTERSON thinks that only the pressure from without to unite the negro vote for a party makes the solid South, and that the withdrawal of that pressure would at once divide both the white and the colored vote, and with that natural division eight-box laws and tissue ballots and the shot-gun policy would disappear. This, in his judgment, is the only solution of the problem.

But in considering the question it must be remembered that the explanation of the fact that after the war the suffrage was not left to the decision of the Southern States is that they showed such a disposition toward the freedmen that the country had no moral right to abandon them altogether. Mr. BLAINE compares the process of moulding the reconstruction policy to the Sibyl's books. Speaking sectionally, that policy was determined less by the feeling of the North than the conduct of the South. The suffrage was conferred upon the colored citizens mainly to protect them against a treatment for which there seemed to be no other practicable remedy. This must not be forgotten when it is urged that the settlement of the question should be left to the communities which are most concerned. This is unquestionably true, but much of the old doubt and distrust, renewed by frequent incidents, still lingers, and explains the support of such a bill as that of Mr. LODGE. Mr. WATTERSON is undoubtedly right, and Mr. MAYO is evidently of the same opinion, that the settlement must be finally intrusted to the communities directly interested. But acquiescence in that conclusion would be much more general and willing if those communities showed plainly a determination not only to treat the colored citizen kindly as an inferior, but to protect his political equality under the law.

FUN.

THE action of the House of Representatives in excluding from the *Record* the speech of Mr. KENNEDY upon Chairman QUAY is extremely amusing. The speech was published the next morning all over the country, and was read by millions of people. It has been constantly reproduced in whole or in part ever since, and no speech of the summer is more widely known; and whatever may have been the object of Mr. KENNEDY in making it, the object has been achieved. Chairman QUAY has been again pilloried in the press, and when everybody is familiar with the speech, the House of Representatives says, gravely, "Let's play that it was never delivered."

What will be the practical effect of the exclusion? The theory is, of course, that the *Record* is the only official and authentic journal of what occurs in the House, and if the future student find no speech, he will not know that such a speech has been delivered; or the theory is that if there be record of such a speech, there should be also record of the censure of the House for an attack upon a Senator. But the fun of this is that the resolution excluding the speech and the debate upon the resolution and the vote of exclusion are all duly recorded, and the future student, not finding the speech in the *Record*, will find it in any newspaper of the time, and will learn, also, that an attack upon a Senator was made in the House and not resented by it.

The future student will also learn that the *Record* is not, as its name imports, a journal of the proceedings of the House, and that if he wishes to know what has really occurred in the House he must look elsewhere—in the newspapers of the day. If the rules of the House forbid censure of a Senator by a Representative, and a Representative censures a Senator, the duty of the House is to reprimand the member or expel him, according to the enormity of his offence, and the journal should duly record the proceedings. The famous expurging resolution of BENTON practically did nothing but deface the record and declare what everybody knew, that the Democratic majority of the Senate liked JACKSON and the Whig minority did not. It was the merest child's play, like the present exclusion from the *Record* of Mr. KENNEDY's speech, which was as much part of the proceedings of the House as the election of the Speaker.

FATHER MATHEW.

THE centenary of the birth of Father MATHEW will be celebrated on the 10th of October. He was one of the gentlest and most modest of moral heroes, but his name shines brighter as the years pass, and he is likely to be canonized as one of the most beneficent of the saints of Ireland. Father MATHEW was first noted for his devotion to the poor during the ravages of the cholera in Cork in 1832, and it was six years afterward that he organized the first total abstinence society in the same city. In 1849 he came to this country, and labored with great success until 1851, when he returned to Ireland, and died five years afterward at Cork.

It is only recently that his work seems to have been most actively prosecuted in his own Church. Last winter, during the great Congress of the Church at Baltimore, Cardinal GIBBONS made a powerful plea for the temperance movement under Roman Catholic auspices, and Archbishop IRELAND has just written a very strong paper upon the subject in the *Catholic World*. He holds intemperance to be the chief foe of his Church in this country, "our own misfortune." The Archbishop does not blink the fact that the liquor interest in every detail is very largely represented by Catholics, and he speaks with sober force in a way that must be heeded.

Viewed, as it justly may be, as the fructification of seed sown by Father MATHEW, the Catholic temperance movement is one of very great national importance. The saloon is the ill-omened nursery of so much of our politics, and it is so largely manned by Catholics on both sides of the bar, that the vigorous and successful prosecution of the Catholic temperance crusade would be a purification of politics. The celebration of the MATHEW centenary has thus a significance quite beyond the Church which will conduct it.

THE SILENT PRESS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

CHAIRMAN QUAY is understood to be very quietly but very busily at work in Pennsylvania. This is but natural, for a Republican reverse in that State would force in disgrace his resignation of the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. Should his candidate be elected, he will still probably resign, with a triumphant air of having awaited the vindication of his State before doing so. The Pennsylvania campaign is so plainly a contest for common honesty in public life, and not an ordinary party struggle, that it is surprising to observe the silence and indifference of journals which have been hitherto regarded as champions of honest politics. No good reason has been alleged for this course, and the independent movement, which such journals have strongly stimulated, had a right to expect their cordial co-operation.

The resources of a chairman like QUAY, when desperately engaged in a campaign of the most vital importance to his personal fortunes, are very great. They are all, however, of one kind, and that kind the most familiar in his career. There is apparently no serious denial of the charges which Mr. LEA has described, and Mr. KENNEDY in the House has practically reiterated, and which it is not too much to say the country generally believes to be well founded. The only answer that has been attempted is the assertion that the charges are mere mud-throwing, of which no self-respecting public man takes notice. But if they were not believed, the press friendly to QUAY's success in the election would stoutly and indignantly deny them, and profess strongly their own disbelief.

The silence of the journals to which we have alluded is, however, as significant as speech. They do not and cannot earnestly befriend the effort of Quayism to retain a corrupt hold of Pennsylvania politics, and their silence expresses their belief of the charges, whatever may be the reason that they do not openly oppose the effort to dishonor the State. But the independent movement is very active, and constantly stronger. It is not partisan, for it is a movement of Republicans too proud of the great Republican traditions not to oppose the attempt to identify their party with corrupt politics.

PERSONAL.

Free Russia, the organ of English-speaking friends of freedom for Russia, appears simultaneously in New York and London. It will be published monthly by the Russian-American National League in this city, and its main purpose is to stimulate public sentiment against the barbarous treatment of political offenders in the Czar's dominions. An interesting feature of the last number is the publication of apparently authentic accounts, received from secret sources, of the Yakootsk and Kara tragedies.

—The discoverer of the "Skeleton in Armor," which LONGFELLOW immortalized in verse, was Mrs. HANNAH COOK, of Fall River, who has just died at the age of eighty-seven years. She found the curious relic, a human skeleton bearing about it semblances of rude brass armor, while digging in a sand bank near Fall River in 1832.

—Princess VICTORIA of Prussia, the second of Empress FREDERICK's daughters, who is to marry Prince ADOLF of Schaumburg-Lippe, is clever and accomplished. Besides excelling as a pianist and banjo-player, she rides and drives well, while the homelier duties of the household are not strangers to her.

—Cardinal NEWMAN's barber saved the clippings from the eminent prelate's head, and now offers them for sale to souvenir collectors.

—Mrs. ELLA MAY BENNET, of Honey Brook, Long Island, the wife of a retired sea-captain and the mother of three children, has been ordained as a Universalist minister.

—COVENTRY PATMORE, the well-known English poet, and author of "The Angel in the House," has a son seven years old, FRANCIS PATMORE, who has recently printed, in honor of his father's birthday, a small volume of his infantile effusions. The book contains two stories, both of which are wonderfully well written for so young an author.

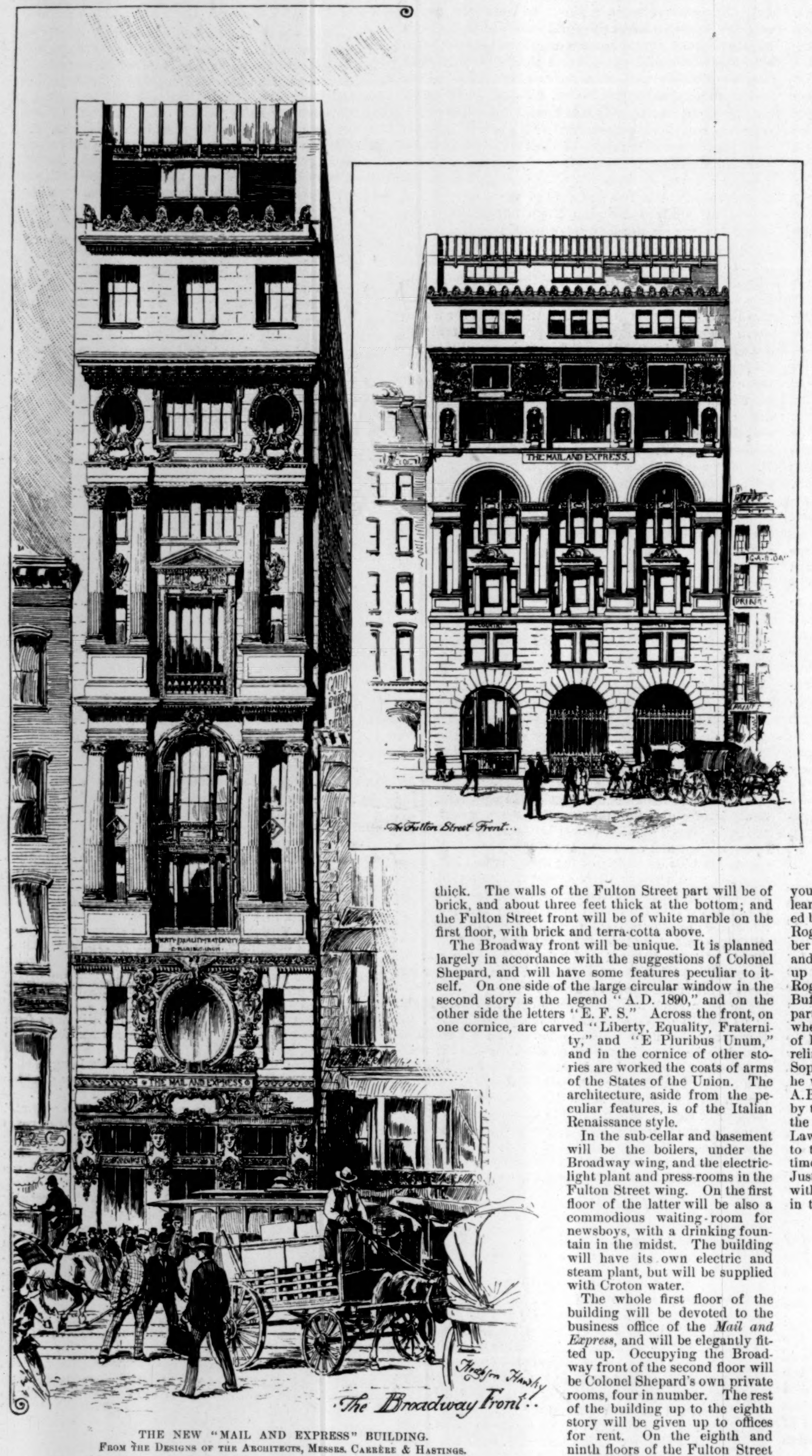
—The largest lens ever made for a telescope has recently been imported from Paris by ALVAN G. CLARK, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, who will prepare it for the great telescope that is to be placed in the observatory on Wilson Peak, southern California. It is ten feet in circumference, three feet four inches in diameter, and two and one-half inches thick at its centre. When finished, the glass will be valued at from $60,000 to $70,000.

—France has conferred the decoration of Officer of Public Instruction on Professor PERSIFOR FRAZER, of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

—Miss MARIANNE NORTH, a well-known explorer, artist, and botanist, died recently at Alderley, Wotton-under-Edge, England. She was the daughter of FREDERICK NORTH, an ex-member of Parliament, and when he died, in 1869, she started out to illustrate the flora of some of the least-known countries of the world. At different times she visited India, Ceylon, Borneo, Java, Japan, Australia, the West Indies, and portions of this country and South America, returning with her portfolios filled with elaborate drawings in oil and water-colors. After spending twelve years in this way, she presented the British nation with many of her collections, building a gallery for them in the Kew Gardens at her own expense. She travelled during her explorations almost unattended in some of the most inaccessible regions, but her wonderful strength and constitution enabled her to escape disease, and to overcome difficulties before which many men would have quailed.

—It is said that GLADSTONE is so sensitive to adverse criticisms that every newspaper, magazine, book, or other publication that comes to Hawarden is examined by members of his family before it reaches him, for fear that some unpleasant opinion may upset his equilibrium.

—The paper with the smallest circulation in the world, probably, is the *Chronicle*, published each morning exclusively for the use of Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria, at an annual cost of 200,000 gulden—about $100,000. It contains in condensed form all the articles in foreign papers which refer to Austria.


THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.
The Fulton Street Front...
THE MAIL AND EXPRESS
Hughson Hawley
The Broadway Front!..

THE NEW "MAIL AND EXPRESS" BUILDING.
FROM THE DESIGNS OF THE ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. CARRÈRE & HASTINGS.

HENRY W. ROGERS, LL.D., THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

THE NEW "MAIL AND EXPRESS" BUILDING.

THE lot upon which the new building of the *Mail and Express* is to stand is of a peculiar shape, something like a capital T, with the cross-piece very thick. The Broadway lot is 25 feet front by 100 feet deep, and the Fulton Street part is 66 feet front and 77 feet deep. The total area, therefore, is 7582 square feet. The left side of the T, looking from Broadway, runs behind another building to the Western Union building; and in this part there is to be a well-hole, lined with glazed white brick. The rest of the building will be solid, except a small well in the Broadway wing.

The building, as a whole, will be nine stories high, 145 feet from sidewalk to roof, and will be as completely fire-proof as any building can be made. Brick, iron, and glass are the principal materials to be used, but the Broadway front is to be of white marble. The walls of the Broadway wing will be of "iron construction"—that is to say, iron pillars will be built into the side walls; and by this device some space will be saved, as the walls need be only sixteen inches thick. The walls of the Fulton Street part will be of brick, and about three feet thick at the bottom; and the Fulton Street front will be of white marble on the first floor, with brick and terra-cotta above.

The Broadway front will be unique. It is planned largely in accordance with the suggestions of Colonel Shepard, and will have some features peculiar to itself. On one side of the large circular window in the second story is the legend "A.D. 1890," and on the other side the letters "E. F. S." Across the front, on one cornice, are carved "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and "E Pluribus Unum," and in the cornice of other stories are worked the coats of arms of the States of the Union. The architecture, aside from the peculiar features, is of the Italian Renaissance style.

In the sub-cellar and basement will be the boilers, under the Broadway wing, and the electric-light plant and press-rooms in the Fulton Street wing. On the first floor of the latter will be also a commodious waiting-room for newsboys, with a drinking fountain in the midst. The building will have its own electric and steam plant, but will be supplied with Croton water.

The whole first floor of the building will be devoted to the business office of the *Mail and Express*, and will be elegantly fitted up. Occupying the Broadway front of the second floor will be Colonel Shepard's own private rooms, four in number. The rest of the building up to the eighth story will be given up to offices for rent. On the eighth and ninth floors of the Fulton Street part will be the editorial, composing, and stereotyping rooms of the paper. The various editors are to have each his own office, and the arrangements for the comfort and convenience of editors and reporters are as complete as possible. On the editorial floor is a special separate room for all the bells, speaking-tubes, telephones, and the like. On this floor also is the library, the details for which have not yet been entirely completed.

The composing-room on the top floor is to be one of the largest and airiest in the city, and is to be lighted by skylights, a large part of the roof being covered with glass. On this floor will be the stereotype-room, with a special chute leading down to the press-rooms for the lowering of the plates. On the very top of the Broadway wing, where its odors cannot interfere with any one's olfactory sensibilities, is to be a kitchen, and under it, on the ninth floor, a restaurant, especially for the employés of the paper. Here also is a private dining-room for Colonel Shepard. One of the noteworthy features of the building is to be the photograph-room, situated alongside the kitchen, at the very top of the building. Here distinguished visitors may be captured by the camera, and their likenesses printed in the paper while they wait.

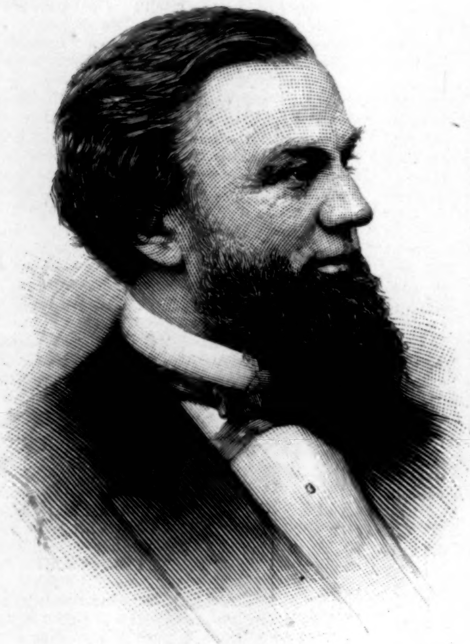
It was rumored at one time that the *Mail and Express* building was to be higher than the *World*, just as the *World* is higher than the *Times*, the *Times* higher than the *Tribune*, and the *Tribune* higher than the *Evening Post*. This is not so. The top of the building, 145 feet, will be about as high as the Western Union building was before the recent fire.

There will be four elevators in the building, one of which will be for the exclusive use of employés of the *Mail and Express*. The corridors and halls throughout the building will be wainscoted with marble and floored with tiles. The wood-work will be remarkably handsome, and made after special designs. The entire cost of lot and building will be not far from $1,000,000. The excavation for the new structure is nearly completed, and when the work is begun it will be pushed rapidly, and may be finished during 1891. The architects are Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, who built the splendid Alcazar and Ponce de Leon hotels for Mr. Flagler at St. Augustine, and whose design for the Grant Monument has been much admired. The drawings of Mr. Hughson Hawley show both the Broadway and the Fulton Street fronts.

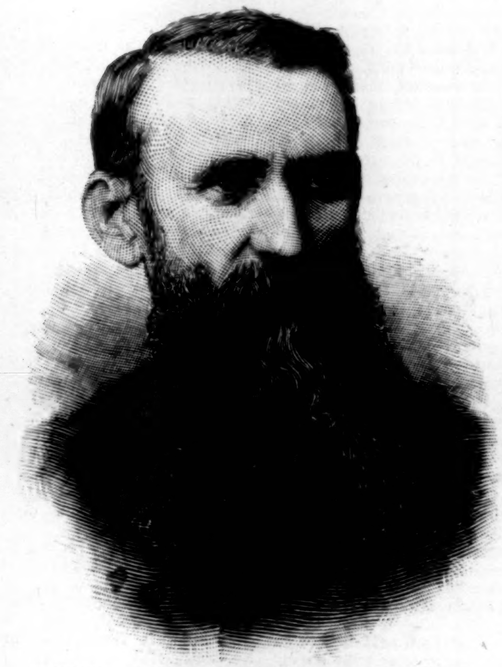
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN.

THE Northwestern University, in the election of Henry Wade Rogers, LL.D., as its President, affords another illustration of the tendency of the times to call young men and laymen to the presidency of institutions of learning. The example set by Columbia College was followed by Amherst, and now by the Northwestern. Henry Wade Rogers is in his thirty-seventh year, having been born October 10, 1853, in Oneida County, New York. His childhood and youth were spent in the city of Buffalo. He was brought up in the family of his uncle, the late Hon. Henry W. Rogers, who for many years was one of the leaders of the Buffalo bar and a prominent member of the Democratic party. In 1869 he entered Hamilton College in this State, where he completed the Freshman year. At the beginning of his Sophomore year a serious illness compelled him to relinquish his studies, and the next year he entered the Sophomore class of the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated with honor in 1874 with the degree of A.B., and in 1877 the degree of A.M. was conferred on him by the same institution. He taught school for two years in the city of Buffalo, and then began the study of law in the Law School of the University of Michigan, and was admitted to the bar of that State in June, 1877. He studied for a time in the office of Judge Cooley, who was then the Chief Justice of the State and Dean of the Law School. While with Judge Cooley he rendered that jurist some assistance in the preparation of two of his law treatises—the work on

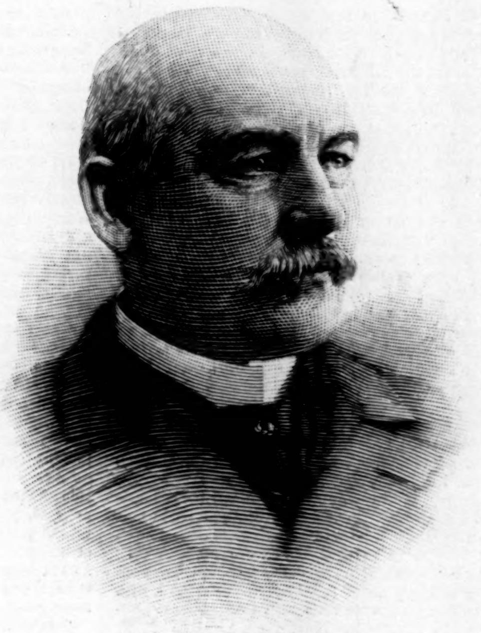
THE LATE REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



THE LATE FREDERICK BILLINGS, OF VERMONT.
[SEE PAGE 794.]



COLONEL WILLIAM J. NORTHEN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

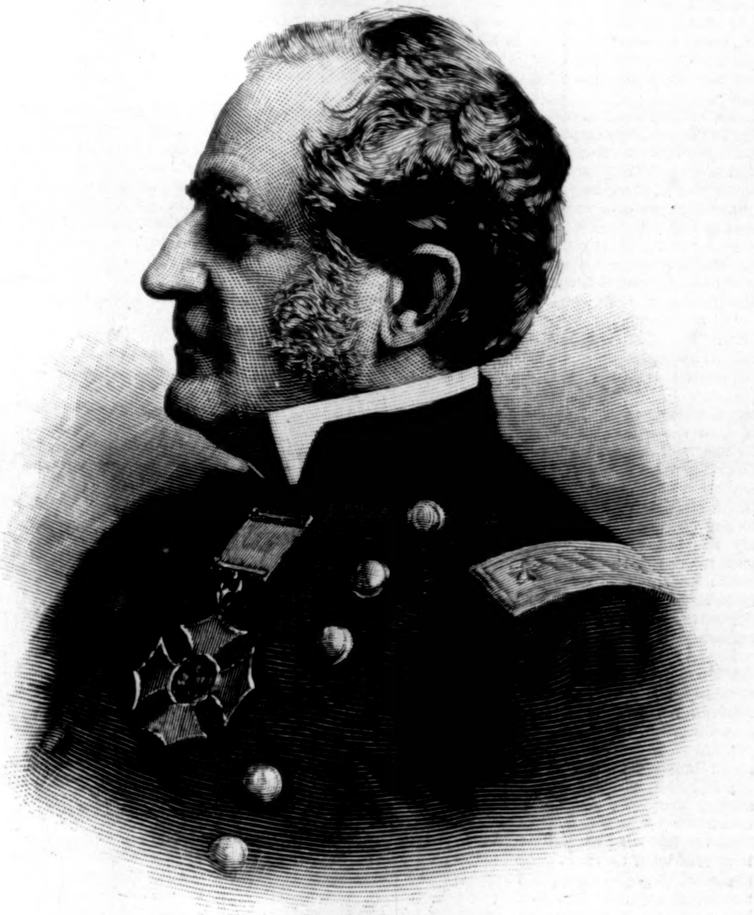


HON. GEORGE L. SHOUP, RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR OF IDAHO.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

Torts and a new edition of the *Constitutional Limitations*. Shortly after his admission to the bar he removed to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he became a partner of the late Hon. Eugene M. Wilson, an eminent member of the bar of that State as well as one of the leaders of the Democratic party. Before his removal to that State he married a daughter of Rev. John Ogden Winner, A.M., a well-known Methodist clergyman of the Newark Conference. The climate of Minnesota proving not agreeable to her health, he removed to New Jersey, and shortly after was called from the latter State back to Michigan to become the successor of Governor Felch as a Professor in the Law School, which position he has held for the last seven years, during the last five of which he has been Dean of the school, distinguishing himself as a lecturer and administrator. When Judges Cooley and Campbell retired from the school, with which they had been connected for twenty-five years, it was feared that their retirement might prove disastrous. But so far from true has this been that the school has steadily increased in numbers, until it is to-day the largest law school on the Western continent, having an attendance last year of 533 students.

At the time Mr. Rogers was elected Professor in the Law School he was offered the editorship of one of the leading law journals, but declined it. He has been, however, a frequent contributor to legal periodicals, has written a work on expert testimony, a second edition of which is now going through the press, and has also published the Illinois citations. For a number of years his name appeared on the cover of the *American Law Register* (Philadelphia) as one of the editors, along with the names of Judges Cooley, Mitchell, Hammond, and Wood; but the connection of all these gentlemen with the *Register* was nominal rather than real. Mr. Rogers has also been a contributor to the old *Princeton Review*, the *Forum*, and the *North American Review*. His article in the *North American Review* for June, 1884, on "Harboring Conspiracy," in which he discussed American responsibility for dynamite outrages, attracted wide-spread attention at the time. The work published recently by the Putnams on *Constitutional History as seen in American Law* contains an introduction of some twenty-five pages written by Professor Rogers.

Mr. Rogers is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; if he had not been, he would hardly have been elected the President of what is probably the foremost university belonging to that denomination. He has been prominent in Michigan Methodism, and has been selected by the Detroit Conference as a representative in the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism to be held next year. He received his degree of LL.D. from Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. He is a member of the American Bar Association, serving on its Committee on Legal Education. He is also a member of the Medico-Legal Society of New York. The Regents of the University of Michigan, in accepting the resignation of Professor Rogers as Dean of the Law School, unanimously passed the following resolution: "*Resolved*, that we deeply regret the departure of Professor Rogers from the law department of the university. His ability, scholarship, and energy have been of invaluable service to us. We congratulate the university to which he goes as President, and predict for him a brilliant future in the broader field of usefulness thus opened to him."

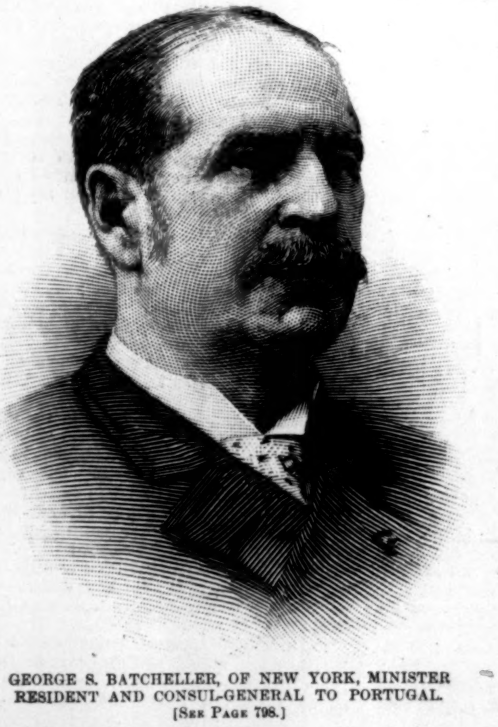


THE LATE GENERAL ABRAM DURYEE, OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

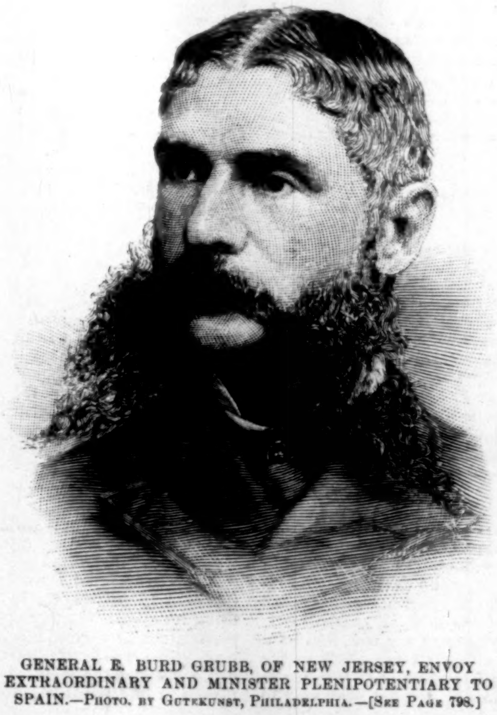
GENERAL ABRAM DURYEE.

SATURDAY morning, September the 27th, at a quarter before ten, Abram Duryee, the organizer of the Fifth New York Volunteers, better known as "Duryee's Zouaves," died at his home in this city, at the age of seventy-six years. Three years ago General Duryee received warning of the fate which awaited him, for he was stricken with a paralysis which incapacitated him for the career of activity which he had pursued for over half a century, and, a prisoner in his chair, he waited patiently for release.

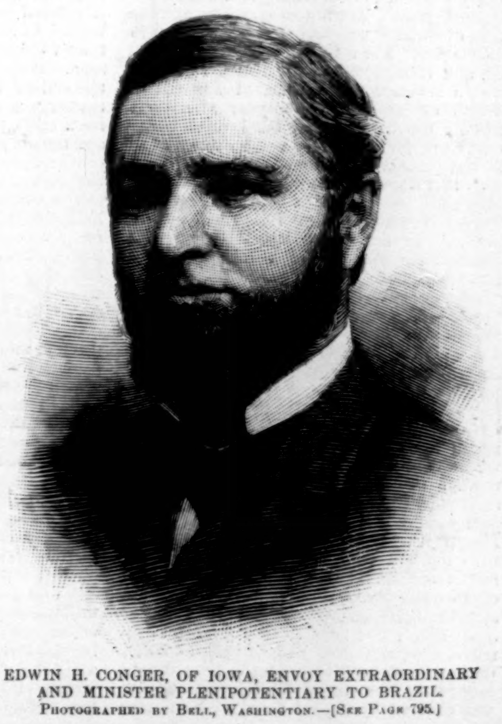
Abram Duryee was first and last a fighter. He came from fighting stock, as his grandfather served in the revolutionary war, and his father and uncle in that of 1812. The record of General Duryee as a soldier was



GEORGE S. BATCHELLER, OF NEW YORK, MINISTER RESIDENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL TO PORTUGAL.
[SEE PAGE 798.]



GENERAL E. BURD GRUBB, OF NEW JERSEY, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO SPAIN.—PHOTO. BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



EDWIN H. CONGER, OF IOWA, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO BRAZIL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

not inferior to that of his family. In his twenty-second year he joined the One-hundred-and-forty-second Regiment of State Volunteers, and five years later entered the ranks of the Twenty-seventh, now the Seventh Regiment, in which he rose from the ranks to the grade of Colonel. The year in which he assumed this position was that in which the Astor Place riot occurred, and Colonel Duryee with his troops did good work in quelling it. The treatment of Edwin Forrest in England led his friends to adopt a retaliatory policy toward Macready, who was to make his farewell in the spring of 1849 at the Astor Place Opera-house. Macready was driven from the stage by the maddened house, but was announced to appear three days later. The authorities, fearful of scenes of violence, ordered out Duryee's regiment, the Seventh, and three hundred policemen. The scene more than realized all that the most timid apprehension had conjured up. Prisoners were taken, were rescued by the mob, and the wildest disorder prevailed. The order to fire on the mob was long delayed, and when it was given, the first volley was directed above the heads of the rioters. It did not quiet the turbulent throng, and the second discharge of the muskets was in earnest, and did bloody work. At daybreak Duryee led his troops back to the armory amid the hoots of the mob, and the threats that never again should the organization parade the New York streets. Four months later Duryee led his regiment in a public parade. Stones were thrown at them, but no injury was done to the troops.

Duryee and his men also helped to quell the "Dead Rabbit" riots of 1857, and he took the most active interest in affairs of the Seventh Regiment till 1859, when he resigned its colonelcy. But this was not the end of his military career. The guns fired on Sumter fired the country to all the horrors of civil war. In April of 1861 he raised in less than a week the Fifth Regiment of Volunteers—Duryee's Zouaves. He took part in the first battle of the war, Big Bethel, and was present at the battles of Cedar Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, the Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam. He was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in August, 1861, and at the close of the war received the brevet of Major-General.

In 1872 General Duryee was made Police Commissioner in New York city, and in this position again had fighting to do. At the head of a body of police he attacked the Communists assembled in Tompkins Square in 1874, and wrested from them their red flag. He was made Treasurer of the Police Board that same year. Such a life is a full one. He was born in this city, has lived in it, and died here. His funeral occurred on the morning of the 30th of September, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Lenox Avenue and 122d Street, a son-in-law of the dead General, Rev. Dr. Briggs, of St. Mark's Church, assisting in the services. Delegations from the Fifth and Seventh regiments, as well as from the nine associations of which the deceased was a member, were present. Company B of the Seventh accompanied the remains to Greenwood Cemetery, and accorded military honors to their interment.

THE HIDDEN STAIN.

I HAVE passed through a strange experience. I am about to set it down plainly and without exaggeration. I should be glad if any one could offer a matter-of-fact explanation which might content me, for lately some slight occurrences have brought it more freshly before my thoughts, which vibrate continually between scepticism and terror. There are days when I think nothing of it, and there are days when I think everything of it.

Though only middle-aged, I have been for many years a hard-working and successful business man. But not so very long ago the firm of which I am chief became involved in difficulties. For a time we were hard pressed, and though we won through at last it was a severe strain on me. I was out of health off and on for a year afterward. Finally the doctors told me I must either quit work for a while or make up my mind to leave this world altogether. It is a brave man that dares disobey his medical masters; they have one altogether at a disadvantage. Therefore within a short time I had put the business in my partner's hands, bought a saddle-horse, and started on the horseback trip which had been prescribed for me.

I set out from Washington to ride through the Alleghanies, and early November found me entering North Carolina. It was Indian-summer; the weather was exquisite and the scenery enchanting; but the march of civilization was behindhand in that region, and I, half sick and irritable, was so disgusted with the discomforts which I encountered that I began to think seriously of giving up the whole enterprise and going home. One afternoon in especial, after having endured a series of little annoyances, I spent my time, as I rode slowly forward, in debating with myself whether it would not be better to turn my horse's head northward the very next morning. I had almost concluded to do so when my attention was attracted by a sudden darkening of the landscape. For some time I had been paying small heed to my course, and now was surprised to find that my horse had strayed on to a wood road apparently little travelled, and that the sun was covered by ragged clouds, which were plainly the forerunners of a heavy storm. In what direction lay the main road, or how far away, I had not the least idea. Clearly, if it was at any great distance, there was no chance of my regaining it before the storm burst, for while I was still considering the matter I heard the roar of distant thunder. Even should I succeed in finding the highway, it might yet be hours before I could reach any habitation. I dismounted and closely examined the road before me. There were old wheel tracks on it, but there were also the marks of a horse's hoofs which had not been there more than a few hours, and they led forward. I jumped into my saddle, looked once more at the clouds, and spurred on.

For some moments I galloped over the withered leaves that lay deep on the track without seeing any break in the thick woods, and was beginning to despair of finding shelter when I was reassured by seeing a clearing on my right. A little farther on the overgrown road led up to a large and imposing but dilapidated house. I was too glad of a refuge, however, to be discouraged by any little shabbiness of appearance, and rode at full speed through the great gates, which stood open, and up to the wide flight of steps. As I jumped from my horse a tall and remarkably handsome old gentleman rose from the veranda and descended to meet me.

"Just in time! Just in time!" he cried, cordially. "Permit me to take your horse, sir. No, no. Go in! go in! I don't mind the rain. One of the boys will be here in a minute. Here, Joe! You, Jerry! Come here! Take the gentleman's horse, and rub him down well, do you understand? Now, sir, come under shelter. It is fortunate you got here before the full fury of the storm."

Still talking, he preceded me up the steps, and led the way in-doors. We entered a large hall which ran through the centre of the house, and appeared to be also the family sitting-room. A fire blazed on the hearth, and after pointing me to a seat my host courteously continued the conversation, with such punctilious care to avoid personal inquiries that it was some minutes before I could find a chance to give my name and account for my sudden appearance. My brief explanation only increased the heartiness of my welcome.

"I am sorry for your anxiety," the old gentleman assured me; "but you must permit us to feel a little satisfaction at any circumstance which has brought us the rare pleasure of a visitor. This old house, sir, has sheltered many pleasant parties, but it is seldom now that a stranger comes beneath its roof. The years have not dealt altogether kindly with it, but it is still sound at heart, and such as it is you are heartily welcome to it. I shall take pleasure in presenting you to my cousin, who is kind enough to cheer my loneliness with her society. No, no; you must not think of going on until the storm has abated" (I had interjected some faint suggestion of the sort). "If you will excuse me for one moment, sir, I will see that a room is prepared for you."

He left the hall, and a few moments after the door was reopened by a gigantic and very black negro, who spoke with a strong African accent. I had difficulty in understanding him.

"Massa say will you come up stair? You room done got ready."

I followed him to a large chamber in the second story, which had evidently stood long untenanted and undergone a hasty preparation for the unexpected guest. My saddle-bags had been carried thither, and I had just made what slight changes I could in my attire when my host knocked at the door and led me to the dining-room. Here he introduced me to a timid and extremely pretty girl, who was, he told me, Miss Annie Sterling, and the cousin of whom he had spoken. A colored woman waited on the table, and behind Colonel Macdonald's chair was stationed the same negro whom I had already seen. He was a striking figure as he stood motionless with folded arms. When his master wanted for anything his heavy face lit up, his ponderous bulk moved swiftly, and the old gentleman's wishes were fulfilled on the instant. To no one else did he pay the least attention.

The evening passed pleasantly in the big hall. Without were the driving wind and rain; within, the fire of flaring pitch-pine knots. We lighted no candles, and the shadows rose and fell, advanced and vanished, with the capricious blaze. Looking back, it seems to me that even then there was one end of the hall where they clustered more thickly, and where no gleam dispelled the darkness which at intervals stretched across the empty spaces and enveloped us all three in its gloom.

I woke the next morning to hear the rain pouring on the veranda roof. The thunder-shower had become a settled storm, and when I descended to breakfast, Colonel Macdonald objected so strenuously to my continuing my journey that I yielded to his cordial invitation that I should prolong my unpremeditated visit. A day spent in-doors only raised my estimate of the charming qualities of my host, and also drew from him in the course of a rambling conversation the main incidents of his life. A rich planter, he had lost everything in the war, had been obliged to part with his large estate in the cotton country, and had only kept this mountain retreat because he had not been able to find a purchaser for it. The place had been laid out and the house built at a time when its owners were among the most important people of that region. On these cool uplands, sheltered by the primeval forest, they had for half the year kept open house for friends and relatives. Surrounded by hosts of willing slaves, and with what seemed like inexhaustible wealth at their command, they had led the gayest and most luxurious of lives, where now their two descendants eked out a meagre and lonesome existence. Miss Sterling, orphaned by the war, and Colonel Macdonald were the only living offshoots of the once proud and vigorous race. The two or three attendants by whom they were served were either old slaves or the children of old slaves, who still clung to "the family." Tom, the huge negro who had already excited my attention, was the great-grandson of an African king, who, turbulent and mutinous, had been sold to the far South, and there saved by an ancestor of the Colonel's from the terrible cruelty of a barbarous master. The black had attached himself with silent and almost sullen devotion to his rescuer, and the feeling had been handed down from father to son.

"Tom would die for me, sir," said the old Colonel; "twice he brought me off the battle-field at the [illegible]k of his own life, and he nursed me for months afterward—I won't say like a woman—like a dog, sir! If he ever slept in those three months I never knew it. But he will serve no one but the head of the family, and neither would any of his forefathers before him. If you notice, he never waits on you or Miss Sterling, and there is no bribe would tempt him to. Even my positive command will hardly force him to attend on any one but myself. Last night I had to stand and watch him all the way up the staircase, to make sure he saw you to your room."

I was surprised at the end of the gloomy day to find how quickly it had passed. I thoroughly enjoyed the Colonel's easy, rambling talk, and he on his side seemed well pleased with the companion fate had flung in his way. He took special pride in his Scotch ancestry, and perhaps the fact which I mentioned, that on my mother's side as well as my father's I was of Scotch descent, helped to confirm his inclination toward me. However that may have been, it was indisputable that before the day was over my new friend and I had taken a singular fancy to each other, and when that evening he begged me to remain with him for a while, I accepted the invitation as heartily as it was given.

From time to time my departure was deferred, and I staid on for several weeks, enjoying to the full the hunting, which was excellent, but still more the constant association with my delightful host, and the occasional companionship of my quiet little hostess, whose gentle manner had a rare charm for me. There was no doubt of my being welcome to them both; they showed with kindly ingenuousness how pleasant to them was this little breath of life from the outer world, and the few servants reflected in their good-natured civility the cordial hospitality of their master and mistress—with the solitary exception of Tom. He rarely spoke, but I received a strong impression that for some reason my presence perplexed and angered him. Occasionally I even fancied that he regarded me as a problematic source of danger, which his heavy wits were unable to solve. I often caught him looking at me with a suspicious side glance.

"What you say you name was, sir?" he asked me one morning. I had opened my room door suddenly and found Tom on his knees before my saddle-bags examining the initials stamped in one corner. My reply seemed to give him food for thought, and the Colonel that afternoon declared "Tom was studying hard on something." I encountered him again on the stairs the next day, and he asked, abruptly:

"What you say you ma's name was, sir?"

Without pausing to reflect on the strangeness of the query I told him my mother's maiden name and passed on; but even this, it seemed, did not help him out of his quandary. He still followed my movements with a surreptitious glance, and even once or twice forgot to serve his "Cunnel Jack," as he called him, while keeping watch on me.

It was about this time, I remember, that another heavy storm set in and kept us confined to the house. The rain came down in sheets, and we sat all day and talked by the fire in the big hall, as we had done before. Finally both the Colonel and Miss Sterling left me, and as twilight drew on, weary of the long quiet, I began to drowse. I had almost lost consciousness when, half rousing to change my position, my eye rested on the further end of the hall, and was caught by a slight discoloration of the plaster which I had never noticed before. Indeed, as I continued to look at it, I doubted if there was really anything there; the spot seemed to fade away before my gaze, and I fell back in my chair and settled myself luxuriously to resume my doze. But as my eyes were closing the same slight variation in the color of the wall roused my attention anew. It was a matter of no consequence in itself, but it annoyed me, and I got up and walked to the spot to investigate it. There was nothing there—neither any old mark upon the plaster, nor any dampness to show that the rain, which was beating mercilessly without, had moistened the wall. I easily convinced myself of this, but it was not so easy to compose myself to sleep again. The curious optical effect, whatever its cause might be, repeated itself obstinately. When I looked directly at the place I saw nothing; when I looked away, I was sure presently, out of the corner of my eye, to catch a faint dusky shade, which in the twilight seemed to enlarge and darken until I could almost have sworn that there was not a vague discoloration, but some deep stain upon the wall. The increasing darkness instead of obliterating it made it more distinct, and I was glad when the maid appeared with a lamp, whose cheerful beams displayed the bare whiteness of the hall, and banished the illusion which had so disturbed me. I could not forget it, however, and spoke of it at the tea table an hour later.

"Colonel," I said, "I have been doing your good house injustice. I fancied this evening I saw a dark spot on the wall by the front door, and was afraid the rain had beaten through. You need not be uneasy, though, for when I examined it closely I found there was really nothing there."

To my surprise, the Colonel, as I spoke, gave a slight start, while Tom, behind him, trembled visibly, dropped his air of indifference like a mask, and regarded me with pitiful appeal. The Colonel recovered himself in a moment, and turned to me with his habitual kindness.

"That was rather a singular occurrence, sir," he said. "I would like to know if you were alone when you noticed it. Was Miss Annie Sterling with you by any chance?" He looked at her keenly.

"What is that, Cousin John?" asked Miss Sterling, who had paid no attention to the remark which so disturbed Tom and the Colonel. "No, I was not in the hall this evening. I left before you did, you remember, and I came down to tea by the back stairs. A spot on the wall? Oh no; there is certainly no spot there. I should have noticed it this morning when I was showing Rosa about the dusting."

The Colonel was evidently relieved. "As long as Miss Annie tells us that, there is no reason to be troubled," he said, contentedly. "But I will admit you startled me a little. Never mind; perhaps there was really some reason for it. I will look myself this evening to see if the clapboards have started."

The trivial subject seemed disposed of to the satisfaction of everybody but Tom. I could still trace his discomfiture in the furtive flashes from his round eyes, and the anxiety with which he listened whenever I spoke.

But the next evening, to my annoyance, the same thing occurred again. Once more as I was sitting alone in the hall at dusk I saw the dim stain. I must acknowledge that, slight and fanciful as the cause may seem, I was unaccountably disturbed by it, and my disturbance increased when I found that on each succeeding evening the appearance recurred. I grew nervous about it, and could never enter the hall without immediately directing my gaze toward that one spot; and at last, whether from keeping my attention so steadily fixed upon it, or from what other reason I know not, I was able plainly to discern the discoloration even by the brightest daylight. Also, instead of vanishing when I looked squarely at it, it now persisted until I approached within a few feet, when it would slowly fade away, leaving a bare expanse of white plaster. It no longer seemed of a clear black, but had a dusky reddish tinge, which became each day more marked. For some little time I said nothing about it, but Tom happened to cross the hall one morning when I was staring helplessly at this disturber of my peace.

"Come here, Tom," I called; "stand just there where I was and look across the hall. Now do you mean to tell me there is nothing on that wall?"

To my surprise the negro became ash-color, and stood for a moment shivering, with his eyes fixed on the place I pointed out. Suddenly he turned on me in a savage fury.

"What fur you come here?" he shouted. "What fur you come trouble my Cunnel Jack? You tink I dun'no' you? I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you. You go back whar you come fum an' stay dar. We don' want none such come pokin' in deir faces 'fore deir time. Can't you wait till you turn come widout huntin' out my poor Cunnel Jack?"

His heavy face was distorted with rage; he stretched out his huge hands, with the long fingers working. As I shrank back in dismay the door at the end of the hall opened and the Colonel came in. Tom's arms sank to his side, his face resumed its sullen immobility, and he lumbered away.

"What were you and Tom talking about?" asked the Colonel as he took a seat beside me.

I could not immediately regain my composure, but made shift to answer: "Oh, nothing! Tom is troubled because my eyesight is out of order. I can't get rid of that spot on the wall, Colonel, and Tom objects to it."

Again the old gentleman started and looked at me sharply. "Have you called Miss Annie's attention to it?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I tried to make her see it this morning, but she is as obstinate as the rest of you, and declares there is nothing there."

Again he gave the same little sigh of relief. "Then it's all right," he said. "Poor Tom! I don't see why he should mind your seeing all the spots you want. You mustn't pay any attention to him; it's only because he's so fond of me."

"Yes; but why should he consider it any infringement of your rights for me to see spots on the wall?" I laughed.

"Poor fellow," repeated the Colonel, thoughtfully, "he believes in it, you know. See here; I am going to tell you what makes Tom unhappy, and then you will understand him better. He isn't oversmart, poor boy, and his faithful heart has led him off on a false tack."

The Colonel lit a cigar, and as we lounged in the old arm-chairs told me at length the tradition which had so upset Tom's equanimity. It was at least a curious story.

"The apartment in which we are sitting," he said, "was built long ago by one of my own ancestors, a man of violent and vindictive temper, though also moved occasionally by gusts of generous feeling. It was while under the dominion of these finer impulses that he, by purchasing him at an exorbitant price, saved Tom's great-grandfather from the punishment which a brutal master was about to inflict. The negro, an enormous man of taciturn and sullen disposition, had been a king in Africa, and had incurred the anger of his first owner by repeated acts of insubordination. But now his gratitude toward his benefactor showed itself in dog-like submission to his every wish, and there was no more faithful slave on the plantation than the aforetime king, who presently took to wife a little copper-colored woman, of such reputation as a hoodoo queen that the colored population far and near lived in abject terror of her powers. The couple had two sons; one little, brown, and quick like his mother; the other huge, black, and silent like his father. The older boy was clever and comical, and was made a pet of by his owner, who at one moment covered him with careless favors and the next treated him to kicks and curses. He grew up pert and presuming, the kicks and curses became more frequent, and he got into an ugly way of sneering at his master, under the semblance of great servility. But the planter was a hard drinker, as well as a naturally slow-witted man, and seemed quite oblivious of the boy's covert insolence.

"One day the planter conceived the idea of building himself a fine house in the mountains as a refuge from the summer heats. He brought his darkies all up here, and set them to work to build the big hall and the smaller rooms to the right, which have formed the nucleus of the present establishment. They were just finishing the hall; the first coat of plaster had gone on, and the second was to go on the next day, when he got furiously drunk. Nobody knows how it happened; there were only negroes with him at the time, and they were all too frightened to tell a straight story; but the upshot of it was, that Jim in some way angered him, and when the old man rebuked him sharply the silly boy, relying on his being too intoxicated to resent it, made some jeering response. In one instant the master had drawn his pistol and shot the lad dead.

"'There!' he shouted. 'That's the way I'll serve every one of you that don't know his place!'

"All the frightened negroes huddled off in one corner, while the old man raged around the hall. Then the door there at the back opened, and Jim's mother came in. The first thing she saw was the planter, shouting and tramping up and down with his pistol in his hand, and the second was a great splotch of blood on the wall, and beneath it the body of her son where he had fallen to the floor. She went over and touched the boy; he was dead. Then she lifted herself up, and if you will believe me, she began to sing. It wasn't any hymn, though, but an African chant, and when the blacks heard it they cowered closer than ever. She began softly, but as she went on her voice grew louder, until at last the old man himself was subdued, and stared at her with open mouth. Toward the end she seemed to tower to twice her height; she stretched her hands to heaven as if to clutch at curses, drew them slowly down, and flung them wide open at the planter, who by this time was thoroughly frightened and almost sober.

"'What's she saying, boy?' he asked of the man next him, for he had shrunk close to the crowd of trembling blacks.

"'Oh, massa,' said the man, 'she hoodooin' you! She sayin' you an' yours die sudden an' die in blood, like her boy. Now she sayin', fur a sign, de nex' to come shall see his blood on de wall when de massa hab to die. An' she cussin' you, massa! Oh Lordy! Oh Lordy! don't, missus, don't!'

"The man hid his face in terror as the long guttural words reverberated through the hall; the next moment the woman had sunk unconscious on the body of her son, but in her fall grasped it so tightly that the two could not be separated. It was nightfall, and there they left them. The master slunk upstairs to his bed, calling a dozen of the negroes to sleep on the floor beside him.

"The next morning the woman and the body had disappeared, and nothing more was ever heard of either. Strange to say, the murdered boy's father clung to his old master with undiminished devotion, and the son who was left followed his father's example.

"'You boy,' the old negro was heard to say, 'you know what your ma done. You gotter make up fur it. You gotter take good care you massa, an' watch him close.'

"The most faithful servants the family ever had were the descendants of the murdered boy's brother. Tom is the last of them.

"The old planter died within a year in a duel. Neither his son nor his grandson escaped a violent and bloody death. And a still more curious fact was that in neither case did the next heir fail to draw attention to a red stain on the wall shortly before the fatality which called him to his inheritance.

"Now," continued the Colonel, "you know why Tom was so disturbed by your speaking of a stain on the wall. It might have troubled even me, I confess, if I had not known that Annie Sterling is the only other living representative of my family, and that she has seen nothing. I do not care to say much to her about it, for we have always made a point in the family of keeping the next heir in ignorance of the tradition. I believe Tom and I and the family lawyer are the only ones left who know it now. The stain has always been invisible to every one but the heir, and it must, of course, have been some optical illusion, some odd coincidence, which led you to fancy a discoloration at that exact spot."

I made no reply to the Colonel, but I was more troubled than I would have cared to let him see. Instead of being convinced by his argument, I was strangely depressed by it, and the appearance, which had only annoyed me before, suddenly became to me a source of terror. I started when I raised my eyes at the end of his speech to see that the stain on the wall was larger, darker, and of a more dusky red than I had ever seen it before. I rose, walked toward it, and with a shudder laid my hand upon it.

"It was here, was it not?" I asked, in a voice which it was hard to keep from trembling.

The Colonel nodded. "Yes, about there," he said.

"And now," I continued, "you see there is really nothing here but the white plaster."

"No," repeated the Colonel, "nothing but the white plaster. Whenever I have some money to spare I'll have it painted."

"Did they never paint it before to get rid of the spot?" I asked, still staring at it with fascinated eyes.

"Oh yes, lots of times," said the Colonel, placidly, "but it never did any good. The next heir was always able to see through the paint. This plaster hasn't been on more than eight or ten years."

"Ah!" I said, and turned my back upon the hateful thing. All that evening it stared at me as we sat smoking our cigars, with Miss Sterling busy over some soft womanly work beside us. I saw the Colonel watch her closely once or twice when she looked that way, and each time he was evidently relieved when her gaze returned undisturbed to her sewing.

It was there still when I came down the next morning. I could not keep my eyes off it, and when the Colonel asked me to go shooting with him, I declined on some trivial pretext, and staid behind in the big hall. I tried to read, but every few moments I looked up to see if the spot was still there, and each time I shuddered as it challenged my view more darkly than before. Once I turned my head to see Tom, who, contrary to his usual deliberate habits, was coming hastily down the stairs.

"Whar my Cunnel Jack?" he cried.

"He was going to the North Woods," I answered, carelessly; but as I turned again, I jumped from my chair. "Good God! it's blood!" I shouted, as I stared at the red and gleaming spot on the opposite wall.

Tom raised a wild, moaning cry: "Oh, my Cunnel Jack! Oh, my Cunnel Jack!" and shot out of the front door. Carried away by the contagion of his terror, I hurried after him; but it was impossible to keep up with his enormous strides. He went like a race-horse, and before I was half-way to the North Woods I saw him returning with the Colonel in his arms. The poor gentleman was stone-dead. He had caught his gun on a branch, and shot himself through the heart. Tom carried him home and laid him on his bed without a word, then turned to me with a broken, humble air that was unspeakably touching.

"Massa, you's boss now," he said. "What you please to hab done?"

I broke the news to Miss Sterling, whose grief was overwhelming. The Colonel had been like a father to her, and indeed for years been the only relative she had known. At her request I telegraphed to several of his old friends, among them the lawyer who had had charge of the family affairs when the place among the mountains had formed but a small portion of the great estate. Tom drove over to meet them when they arrived, but at dinner I found he had set my place in the Colonel's old seat. I remonstrated.

"Dat's whar you b'long now, massa," he said, softly, and stationed himself behind me with folded arms. He waited on me as he had done on the Colonel, paying no attention to any one else; but when dinner was over, he stepped before us as we were leaving the room.

"Gemmen," he said, "I's makin' bold to speak to you all, 'cause I's afeared you doesn't unnerstan' as I does. Dis gemman, Mr. Frazer, he's de Cunnel's heir. I's not wantin' to do no harm to Miss Annie, but I mus' tell the troof. Mr. Frazer he's the Cunnel's heir to all de prop'ty."

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked the lawyer.

"I means what I says. I s'picioned it on him from his looks de fust minute I sot eyes on him. He jus' like dat old picture of de Cunnel's gran'pa used to hang down in de big dinin'-room on de old plantation. But now it's cl'ar. 'Ain't he seen de blood-stain? Dere ain't no disputin' dat. You hunt roun' his moders an' his gran'moders, an' you fin' Mr. Frazer's de next heir sure 'nough. Dat's all I gotter say, sir."

The lawyer, while smiling at Tom's interference, asked me a question or two, the answers to which roused his interest, and before an hour was over, to our utter astonishment, we were forced to the conclusion that Tom was in the right. Though I, who paid little heed to such matters, had been ignorant of it, my descent could be plainly traced running through the female line from my mother, who, as I said, was of Scotch ancestry, back to the evil-tempered great-grandfather who bore the same relation to the Colonel and myself. Though Miss Sterling had been brought up to regard the Colonel as her near relative, with that clinging to all ties of kinship common alike to Scotchmen and Southerners, she was really more distantly related to him than I. As the lawyer finally informed me, I was undoubtedly the legal heir to Colonel Macdonald's little property, since he had died without a will.

I immediately disclaimed any intention to assert my rights, but the matter came to the ears of Miss Sterling, who would not take possession of the estate. It was of course equally impossible for me to accept it; but when I had told her of the love which had grown and strengthened during the weeks that we had been together, she did not refuse to become my wife, and the question of the property thus sank into insignificance.

Three or four years have passed since then, and I may truly say that I have led an exceptionally happy life. But I have never been able to banish entirely from my mind the memory of the singular circumstances preceding the Colonel's death, and, strangely enough, several trivial occurrences have recently conspired to bring the affair more freshly to my recollection. Certainly the next time I looked at that wall it was white as snow, and from that moment to this I have never seen a spot upon it. Sometimes I think that my nerves must have been more seriously deranged than the doctors acknowledged when I left the North, and that this painful episode sprang from some delusion—was the climax, as it were, of the disease. If so, I have had no return of it. Tom, of course, discredits any such explanation. He believes firmly that it was the old hoodoo. He attached himself to me immediately after the Colonel's death, ignoring his previous antagonism, and has served me ever since with a dumb devotion which words could not describe. There is a hereditary fidelity about him.

Annie is fond of the old place in the mountains, and though it took me some time to get over the shock of the tragedy which I witnessed here, I have grown very fond of it too. We come down every fall for the hunting. Perhaps I should not have found time for the trip this year if it had not been for Annie. She was not well, and longed so to be back in the home of her childhood that I could not deny her. I am not sure that it has done her any good, though. She was complaining only yesterday of some strange trouble with her eyes. I must take her North again, I think. She says she has been distressed of late by fancying she see things that have no real existence—dark spots and such like. This is nothing—of course it is nothing—but it makes me nervous. She has never been told of the old superstition, but lately I have seen Tom watching her as a cat watches a mouse, and yesterday I met him coming out of the big hall, with his knees trembling and his face gray. I went in, and there sat my wife staring at the blank wall in front of her. *What did she see?*

ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

MY FIRST TIGER.

WE, that is the Major, Doctor, and myself, had been pottering about the outskirts of the Terai for some days, hoping to get news of a tiger. We had just pitched our camp, when our shikarri, Ali by name, came hurriedly to our tent, saying that the headman of a neighboring village wished to speak with us. With him were some of the villagers, who came as a deputation, praying us to rid them of a tiger that was playing sad havoc with their cattle. The proposition was jumped at, and with Ali and two of his assistants I returned to the village with the headman. A wretched specimen of a bullock was bought for a few rupees, and was led out into the jungle. A good spot was found in an open space that at some time or another had been cleared for cultivation. A dead tree stood conveniently near the dense forest, and to this the bullock was tied, and we left the poor brute to its fate, while two men climbed into a tree to watch. Dinner was ready by the time I returned to camp, and the Major told us of some of his previous experiences with tigers. The Doctor had been on many a tiger hunt, but had never yet bagged one of the royal quarry. The fact of the matter was he was mad on ornithology, and he confessed that on more than one occasion he had been watching some rare specimen of the feathered tribe, and lost the golden opportunity for a good shot.

We turned in early, and soon the camp was hushed in silence, but the forest was alive with animal and insect life. Thousands of stridulating cicada seemed to make the very air vibrate, while here and there among the bushes the fire-flies flashed to and fro. Above all the insect chorus, however, could be heard the howl of the hyena or the bark of the prowling jackal.

Daylight saw us astir, and with it came the welcome news that the tiger had killed our bait during the night. Chautahazri, consisting of coffee and eggs, was soon disposed of, and we climbed into the howdah, strapped to our solitary elephant, and started for the village. Here all was excitement when we arrived. The headman had already mustered all available hands for beaters. Tom-toms, tin cans, and short cudgels formed their armament, and it was a motley crew that marched out of the village that morning.

As we walked silently along the jungle path, for we had left the elephant at the edge of the forest, getting more and more wet every step from the dew-drops we shook from the tall grass or overhanging boughs, the whole line was suddenly brought to a stand-still.

In front was the village shikarri, then followed the Doctor. The latter was the cause of the halt. As the Major and myself pushed to the front, we saw him cautiously pointing to a tree above him with one hand, while the other was stretched out for his shot-gun.

"What the deuce is it?" asked the Major.

"Don't you see it?" answered the Doctor, excitedly. "Where's that fool with my gun?"

"Do you mean that infernal little bird?" questioned the Major.

"My dear Major, that's one of the rarest finches. Where's my gun?" continued the Doctor, in Hindostanee.

For the moment we were speechless, but the sight of the half-frightened servant coming up with the gun loosened at least the Major's tongue. He seized the gun himself, and turning to the Doctor, said, "Do you mean to say you are thinking of shooting that bird?"

"Of course I am," answered the astonished Doctor.

"And give the tiger notice of our approach? I've a hanged good mind to shoot you first," angrily retorted the Major.

"By Jove! I forgot all about the tiger."

There was no doubt he had.

As we entered the open space, signs were not wanting that the bullock had been killed, for sitting on the boughs of trees were vultures, while others were circling above in the air. As we came in sight of the carcass two jackals were seen running for the shelter of the neighboring jungle, while some of the carrion were gorging themselves on the corpse. The tiger had made a meal of the hind-quarters, and we could easily trace its spoor down toward the nullah or watercourse.

The Doctor, who had won first choice of stations, determined to take up his position in the fork of a tree that commanded the open patch, and also a short stretch of the nullah. The Major and myself had to make a detour to take up our posts lower down the watercourse, as in all probability "stripes" would conclude to cross it, and seek for shelter in the dense jungle beyond.

Half an hour saw us in position. The Major ensconced himself behind a rock, with a capital view of the now nearly dry river-bed, and a friendly tree in his rear; while I commanded a long stretch of the same, which just at the foot of the rock on which I lay took a sharp turn to the left. I also had a partial view of the patch that the Doctor was supposed to guard. Word was sent to the beaters, and I at least waited anxiously for coming events.

It was not long before the silence of the jungle was broken by the noise of the villagers.

There are few things more exciting than waiting to get your first sight of a tiger. Despite the knowledge that one must keep cool, the nerves got the upper hand, and it seemed as though the holding of the rifle steady had become an impossibility.

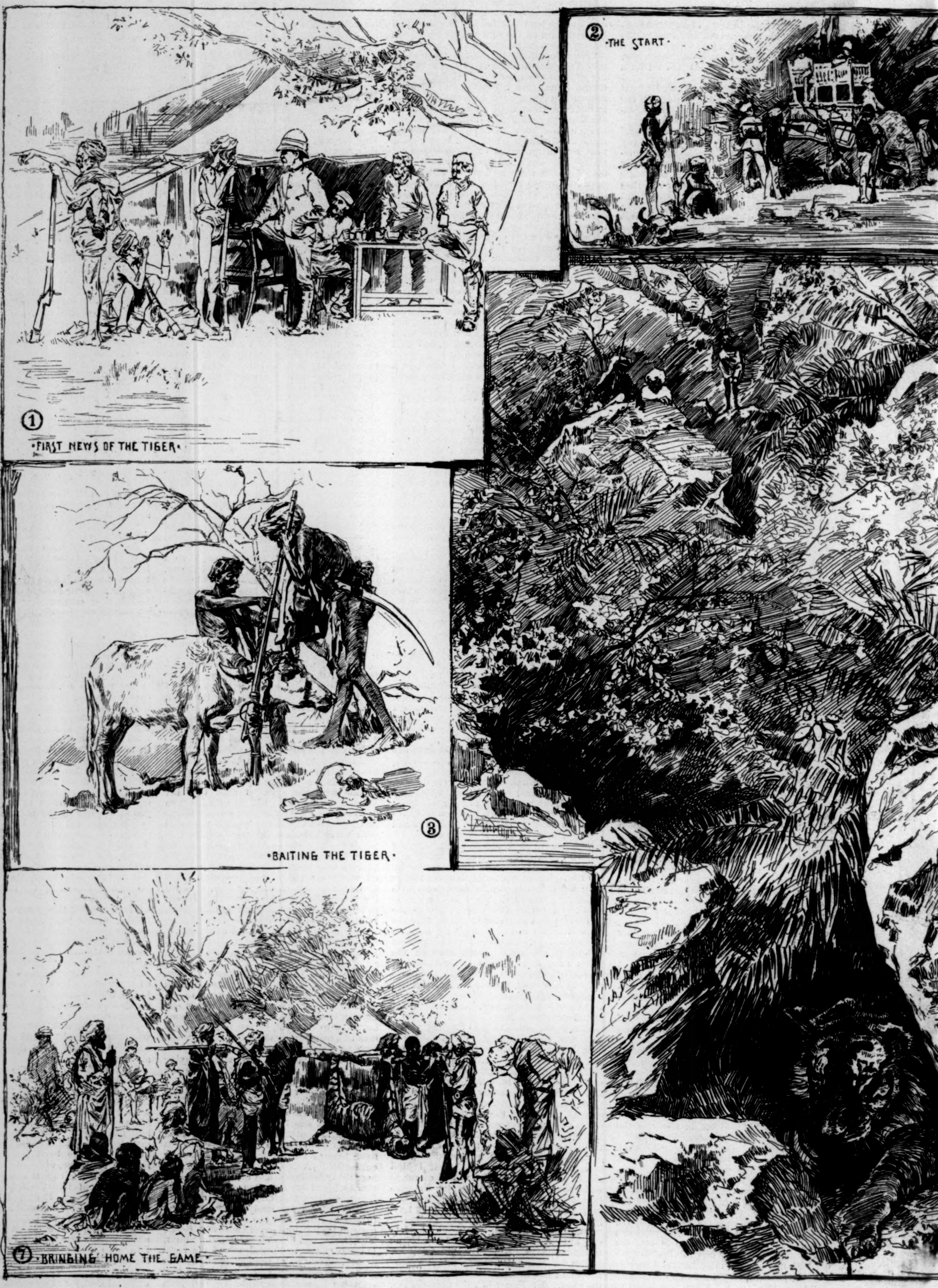
Now and again the long grass that bordered the nullah stirred, as some deer, hog, or jackal, fearful of the din, would dash across the shallow stream, and vanish in the jungle that stretched for miles behind me.

I was peering into the thick undergrowth, when suddenly Ali touched me, and whispered, "Bāgh! bāgh!" (tiger, tiger) pointing toward the plot.

Yes, standing out in the open with its head turned in the direction of the din and hubbub, angrily twitching its tail, stood a magnificent tiger. For some seconds—they seemed an hour—that tiger stood there some 200 yards from me, and then turned back into the woods. The noise of the beaters grew louder and louder, and I was beginning to fear that the beast intended to break through their line, when, almost exactly opposite me, the tall grass was gently pushed aside, and out into the full glare of day stepped the tiger. It started to pass down the nullah, but for a second halted on a slab of rock to listen to the noise of its enemies.

It was a splendid shot. A sharp crack of a rifle, and then to my joy I saw the quarry lying on its stomach, tearing up the ground around in its impotent rage, and growling as only a tiger can. There was no necessity for a second shot, for as we scrambled to the top of the rock that had concealed us, the royal brute rolled over on its side, while a stream of blood from its mouth made assurance doubly sure.

I. C. C. G.



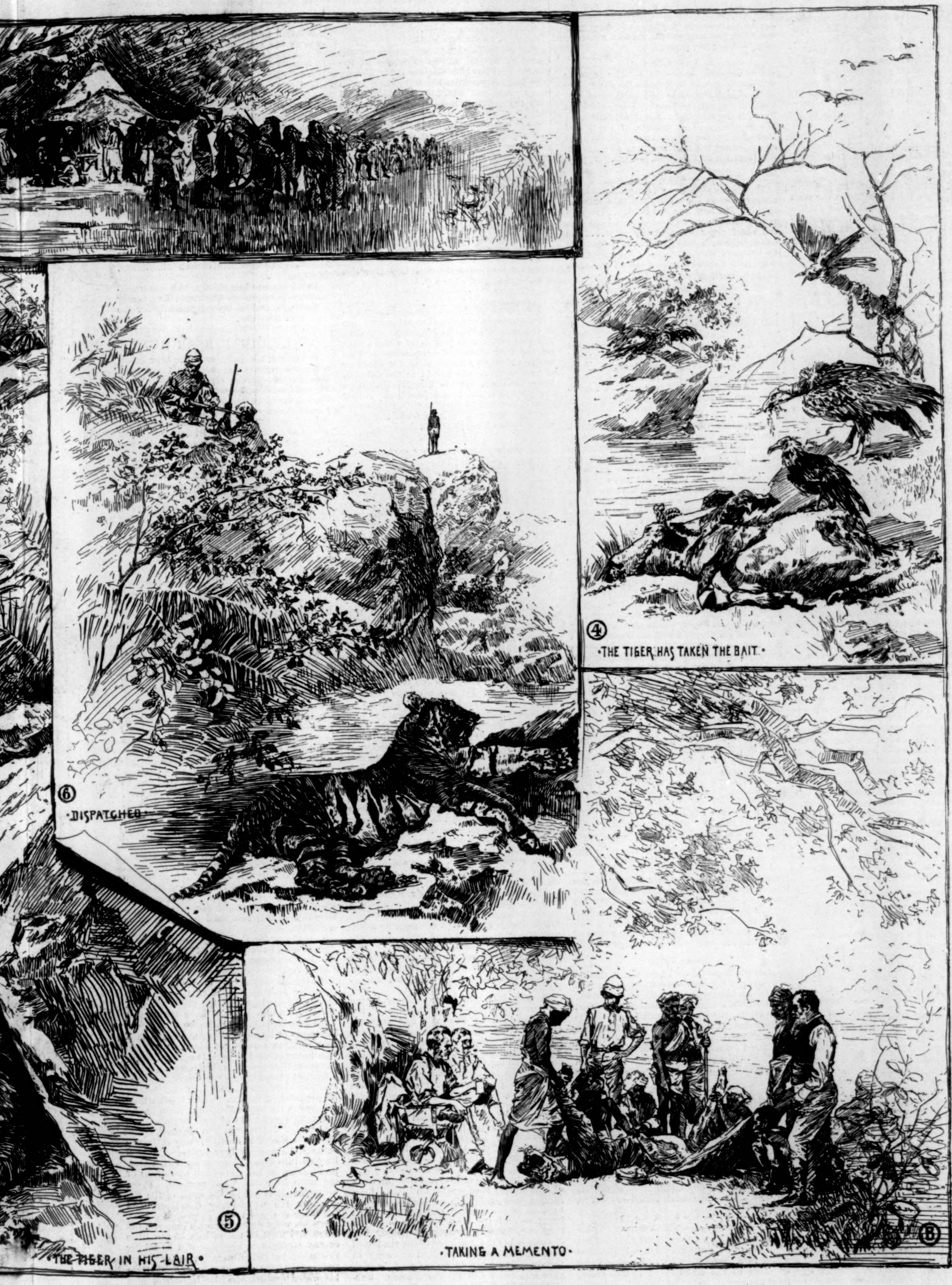
① ·FIRST NEWS OF THE TIGER·

② ·THE START·

③ ·BAITING THE TIGER·

⑦ ·BRINGING HOME THE GAME·

A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.—Drawn by Arth


④
·THE TIGER HAS TAKEN THE BAIT·
⑥
·DISPATCHED·
⑤
·THE TIGER IN HIS LAIR·
·TAKING A MEMENTO·
⑧

Arthur J. Goodman after Photographs.—[See Page 791.]

THE LOUISVILLE FESTIVAL.

The Southern Exposition at Louisville, Kentucky, closed its doors in October, 1887, and a few weeks afterward a meeting was called at the Board of Trade to devise plans for an entertainment of some kind to take its place. At this meeting Mr. Peyton N. Clarke, a young business man and member of the Board of Trade, suggested the idea of presenting a pageant similar to the Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans; and undaunted by the experience of several other cities which had previously undertaken to transplant this peculiarly Latin festivity to the more rigorous regions of the North, a number of members of the Board of Trade and Commercial Club, under the guidance of Mr. Clarke, formed an active and enthusiastic organization, which has since been known as the Satellites of Mercury.

The third successful celebration, just ended, has fairly placed Louisville in the rank of pageant-giving cities, and while it was not intended nor ever expected that New Orleans would be robbed of her well-earned reputation in this direction, it is generally conceded that the exhibitions afforded by the Satellites of Mercury at Louisville are not less magnificent in their representation and illustration than those given in New Orleans. The latter city, instead of showing any jealousy on account of the efforts to imitate her striking festival, has at all times held out a helping hand, and seems to regard all such innovations as complimentary to her Mardi Gras celebration.

Mr. Clarke is a young man who possesses a peculiar fitness for the position of Chief Satellite, or General Manager, of the organization. He is an artist by instinct, as his designs for the pageant indicate, and his ability for organization and management is best shown in the results attained by the arrangement and control of the 850 men and 250 animals required to produce the pageant. The pageants are always given at night, and represent some historical, mythological, or romantic subject, and after the parade through the streets a magnificent ball is given, at which the Satellites appear *en masque*, and the beauty and chivalry of the Southwestern States congregate to do honor to the occasion.

BEN-HUR.

In selecting a subject for illustration in the annual pageants, the Satellites of Mercury always strive to present something familiar to the general public—something that both old and young can comprehend and enjoy; and the story illustrated this year is one that is so well known and so extremely popular that it cannot fail to please. Perhaps the most widely read work of modern fiction, and one that has been alike favorably received by the public of all civilized nations, is the story of *Ben-Hur*. Dealing as it does with the details of the most important epoch in history, surrounded by a halo of mystical romance, full of tragic situations and softly beautiful imagery, it appeals to the very instincts of refined humanity. The warm rich coloring of the Orient affords every opportunity for spectacular effect, and the scenes represented in the nineteen moving tableaux will give a new interest to the well-known work. Great care was taken to select only such parts of the story for illustration as would give pleasure to the beholder, and especially to avoid offending the sensibilities of any. For this reason the reference to Scriptural subjects was carefully eliminated, and only the soul-stirring adventures of the hero were represented in the tableaux.

The first float represented the title, or subject, of the pageant, and, like the second, had no connection with the story itself.

Tableau No. 1.

The King's Car.—After another year of peace and prosperity, Mercury again appears mounted on a gorgeous bed of water-lilies, and surrounded by his faithful planets, Mars, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, bringing in his train a collection of beautiful pictures from the far East to delight his loyal subjects and celebrate the commercial prosperity of another year.

Tableau No. 2.

The Meeting in the Desert.—This float represents the meeting in the desert of the three Wise Men, Balthasar, Melchior, and Gaspar. The scene represents them as seated under the tent at the rendezvous in the desert. The large white camel of Balthasar makes a picturesque figure as he stands munching his mid-day meal, while his master expounds to his hearers a forecast of the wonderful things to come.—*Ben-Hur*, page 17.

Tableau No. 3.

The Joppa Gate.—"In an aperture of the western wall of Jerusalem hang the 'oaken valves,' called the Bethlehem or Joppa Gate ....defended by a tower....while the area outside has become a recognized market-place....The scene is quite animated."—*Ben-Hur*, page 34.

Tableau No. 4.

The Sanhedrim.—"There was an assemblage in the palace on Mt. Zion....It was a meeting of the teachers of the colleges, of the chief priests, and of the doctors most noted in the city for learning....A divan occupied the centre of the apartment....fashioned in the form of the letter U. The company sat upon the divan....mostly men advanced in years....Their session was that of the Sanhedrim."—*Ben-Hur*, page 70.

Tableau No. 5.

Ben-Hur and Messala.—"Not far from the fountain....between the clump and the pool ....two boys, one nineteen and the other seventeen, sat engaged in earnest conversation."—*Ben-Hur*, page 85.

Tableau No. 6.

The Accident to Gratus.—"The pressure was strong enough to displace the outer piece of tile, which started to fall. A thrill of horror shot through the youth. He reached out to catch the missile....The effort failed.... He shouted....The soldiers of the guard looked up; so did the great man [Gratus], and that moment the missile struck him, and he fell from his seat as dead."—*Ben-Hur*, page 122.

Tableau No. 7.

The Roman Galley.—"The vessel was long, narrow, low in the water, and modelled for speed. The bow was beautiful....The simplicity of the upper works declared the oars the chief dependence of the crew....The oaken blades....rose and fell as if operated by the same hand, and drove the galley forward with a speed rivalling that of a modern steamer."—*Ben-Hur*, page 136.

Tableau No. 8.

The Wreck.—"In the act of rising, he clutched something, and held to it....Death had pursued him closely under the waves; he found it waiting for him when he was risen....Within arm's-reach a helmet shot up like a gleam of gold....the head turned back, and gave the face to the light....the eyes opened....It was Arrius, the tribune ....He caught the sufferer and drew him to the plank."—*Ben-Hur*, page 163.

Tableau No. 9.

Simonides's Home.—After Ben-Hur's rescue from the wreck and adoption by Arrius, whose life he had saved, he was taken to Rome, educated and developed in all the learning of the Romans. On the death of his benefactor he turned his steps toward Palestine to learn, if possible, the fate of his mother and sister. This scene represents him approaching the house of Simonides, the merchant, who had been his father's agent in former years.—*Ben-Hur*, page 181.

Tableau No. 10.

The Grove of Daphne.—While a visitor at Antioch, and after his repudiation by Simonides, Ben-Hur spent some time in viewing the beautiful scenes about the city, and the far-famed Grove of Daphne claimed much of his time and attention. He discovered a beautiful spot, which was marked by a statue of Daphne of wondrous beauty. "At the base of the pedestal a girl and a youth were lying upon a tiger's skin asleep in each other's arms; close by them the implements of their service—his axe and sickle, her basket—flung carelessly upon a heap of fading roses....The law of the place was Love, but Love without Law."—*Ben-Hur*, page 208.

Tableau No. 11.

The Fountain of Castalia.—"Then they came in view of the famous Fountain of Castalia....By the basin, under a small portico cut in the solid wall, sat a priest, old, bearded, wrinkled, cowled—never being more perfectly eremitish." The immense white camel of Balthasar, with the beautiful Egyptian Iras seated in the houdah, approaches. The driver, an Ethiop, "led the camel nearer the fountain and caused it to kneel."—*Ben-Hur*, page 217.

Tableau No. 12.

The Dowar.—This scene represents a feast in the Dowar of the Sheik Ilderim in the Orchard of Palms at the time of the visit of Ben-Hur, who had just agreed to drive the sheik's horses in the great chariot-race about to come off in the Circus at Antioch, Balthasar and the beautiful Iras being guests of Ilderim at the time.—*Ben-Hur*, page 255.

Tableau No. 13.

Arts of Cleopatra.—"There was a shallop resting upon the clear water lightly as an egg-shell. An Ethiop occupied the rower's place. All the boat aft was cushioned and carpeted with stuffs brilliant with Tyrian red. On the rudder seat sat the Egyptian herself, sunk in Indian shawls....Her arms and neck were protected from the evening air by an ample scarf, which yet did not hide them. He took the vacant seat before her."—*Ben-Hur*, page 300.

Tableau No. 14.

Making the Wagers.—The scene is laid in the palace on the island. The assemblage is composed of Greek and Romans. "The divan has its corps of sleepers, and the tables resound with the rattle and clash of dice.... In a corner, at ease on the divan, Messala himself may be seen. Around him, sitting or standing, are his courtierly admirers, plying him with questions. There is, of course, but one topic—the chariot-race."—*Ben-Hur*, page 349.

Tableau No. 15.

The Chariot-race.—No summary of this bit of magnificent color-painting, which has gained for its author the plaudits of the world as a description beyond parallel, can be made of the chariot-race in *Ben-Hur*, page 364.

Tableau No. 16.

The Palace of Idernee.—"The atrium of a Roman house, roomy and rich to a fabulous degree of magnificence." The characters represented are Ben-Hur and Thord the Northman, who has brought one of the gladiators to assassinate Ben-Hur, who, however, overcame the gladiator, and made his escape by aid of Thord.—*Ben-Hur*, page 381.

Tableau No. 17.

The Prison.—This scene represents the discovery by the Roman Governor of the mother of Ben-Hur and his sister Tirzah, who had been confined in a dungeon for so many years, and who had become infected with the dreadful leprosy.—*Ben-Hur*, page 404.

Tableau No. 18.

The Tombs.—By the law all lepers were condemned to a life amid the tombs in the environs of Jerusalem, and it is here that the faithful Amrah comes every day to provide her mistresses with food and water.—*Ben-Hur*, page 425.

Tableau No. 19.

The Combat.—"At the last word Ben-Hur closed with his antagonist. A moment, standing foot to foot, they glared at each other over the rims of their embossed shields.... The centurion fell heavily on his breast, clanging the pavement, and Ben-Hur had won."—*Ben-Hur*, page 438.

Tableau No. 20.

The Beautiful Roman Villa by Misenum.—"Esther, the wife of Ben-Hur, sat in her room in the beautiful villa by Misenum....Tirzah and two children at play upon a lion's skin on the floor were her companions....Presently a stranger entered—Iras, the daughter of Balthasar....She looked at the children upon the floor; went to them, and knelt on the lion's skin, and kissed them both. Rising slowly, she looked at them; then passed to the door and out of it without a parting word."—*Ben-Hur*, page 555.

FREDERICK BILLINGS.

Mr. Frederick Billings, who died at Woodstock, Vermont, on Tuesday, September 30th, revived the fortunes of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and made its completion a possibility. It was he who conceived the idea of turning its bonds into preferred stock, thus making the creditors of the road its proprietors. The corporation, thus relieved, was able to go on with a task that had languished for years, and the way was cleared for the brilliant financial scheme by which Mr. Villard gained his reputation and his position as a master in the street.

Mr. Billings was born in Royalton, Vermont, sixty-seven years ago. He was bred on a farm, but made his way through college, and was graduated at the University of Vermont in 1844, when he was twenty-one years old. In 1848 he was admitted to the bar, and immediately made his way to California. He was the first lawyer of the young city of San Francisco. He was not only the first lawyer of the town in point of time, but he is still remembered as one of the best of those who have practised at its bar. Very soon after his going to the new State he formed a partnership with young Halleck, afterward General, and the firm had a very large and successful practice. For a time, Mr. Billings was Attorney-General of California.

His first appearance in politics was in 1860, when he travelled from one end of the State to the other in company with Thomas Starr King, urging the people, in a series of strong speeches, to remain loyal to the Union. It was largely due to the efforts of these two patriotic men that California did not succumb to the strong efforts of the secessionists to secure the alliance of the Pacific coast with the Southern cause.

After the war, in 1866, Mr. Billings returned to his native State. His participation in the struggles for the possession of California had made him an enthusiastic advocate of a great trunk-line of railroad uniting the West and the East.

Soon after his return home he made his last appearance in politics. He was candidate for Governor of Vermont, and was defeated.

He was from the first a believer in the practicability of the projected line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and invested largely in the enterprise. In 1870 he was chosen a director, and became the manager of its land department. He was in that position when Jay Cooke & Company, the fiscal agents of the company, were swamped in the panic of 1873. After that disastrous episode the securities of the company were nearly worthless, and it was then that Mr. Billings displayed the admirable business talents to which allusion has been already made, and converted the bonds into preferred stock. This was in 1875. Mr. Billings for the next four years was chairman of the Executive Committee, and in 1879 was chosen President. It was during his term that the work of building the road was begun again. Connection was made with some of the leading bankers of the country, and the first bonds being out of the way, new bonds to the amount of $40,000,000 were negotiated. Mr. Billings held the Presidency of the road until 1881. In that year Mr. Villard succeeded in forming his celebrated "blind pool," which gave him control of the corporation. Subsequently Mr. Billings's connection with the road was renewed, and once more his remarkable ability was exercised for the redemption of the valuable property from ruin. Even when Mr. Villard took possession of the road, under Mr. Billings's capable management the value of the preferred stock had risen from $8 to $80 a share, and that of the common stock from $1 50 to $50 a share.

Since 1869 Mr. Billings's home has been on the Marsh estate at Woodstock. He loved country life, and was an enthusiastic breeder of fine stock. The beautiful estate, which he bought of the father of Hon. George P. Marsh, the philologist and diplomat, consisted of a thousand acres, and Mr. Billings made it one of the most noted country places in the United States.

After the death of Mr. George P. Marsh he purchased most of his extensive library, and presented it to his Alma Mater, the University of Vermont. His charities were munificent and judicious. Besides the Marsh collection, he gave to the university a splendid library building, which was designed by Richardson. This, with an endowment given last summer, amounted to $250,000. To Amherst he gave an endowment of $50,000, in memory of a dead son who was a graduate of that institution. He gave another $50,000 to Mr. Moody's school at Mount Hermon, in memory of another son. He built a Congregational church at Billings, Montana.

Death came to him slowly. He was stricken with paralysis on Christmas Eve, nearly a year ago, and he waited patiently for the end from that time.

AN ESQUIMAU BEAR HUNT.

Whether the polar or white bear hibernates, we do not yet know. It has been thought that during the winter the female of the *Ursus maritimus* digs a deep hole in the snow, and passes some months in a semi-torpid state, while the male ranges free throughout the year. Dr. Kane, however, who was a trained observer, doubts whether either sex hibernates, because he found she bears with their cubs at large during the winter darkness. Considering the family of bears and their geographical distribution, it looks as if Ursus, since he increases in size as he is found northward, and becomes smaller as he is followed to the south, that the source of origin or most marked developments was in the colder portions of the world, and it may be that from the arctic type all the others were derived, changes in form and habits being due to evolution.

In the extreme north, where the polar-bear is the great game of the Esquimaux, he is a huge creature, and occasionally he will weigh 1600 pounds. Bears which have a length of 8 feet 7 inches, and will weigh 1500 pounds, are not uncommon. The polar-bear, from his long environment, has all the decided characteristics of a maritime animal. Endowed with great strength, he is as much at home in the water as on the ice or land. Explorers have often noted his extraordinary powers of swimming, for he has been found traversing straits forty miles in width. On the ice, when in pursuit of seals, his alertness is extreme. In color, the nennook, as the bear is called by the natives, adapts itself to its surroundings. It is of a dull white, inclining to a light yellow. One marked peculiarity of this bear is that the soles of the long feet are covered with hair, a provision of nature intended to protect the animal, and to permit it to tread firmly on the slippery ice. When in captivity, as seen at Central Park, its purely animal instincts seem to predominate, and it never changes its savage and surly character. It is rather a difficult animal to keep in a menagerie, as it suffers from heat, and polar-bears rarely live over a season. When bears have been hunted by white men, the general experience is that a female with her cubs is a dangerous animal to face, for she will fight to the death for her young ones, but the males show less combative instincts, and will run hard to escape from enemies.

In studying Mr. D. Smith's carefully drawn illustration of the hunting of the polar-bear by the Esquimaux there are certain archæological considerations worthy of attention. The combat represents in many respects primitive man as he battled tens of thousands of years ago with the brute creation. The Esquimau's weapons have hardly suffered any change. For the bone heads to his spears or lances he may have substituted iron tips, but this is not always the case. The forms of his implements adapted to the chase are the same as in the long past. It is a fight at exceedingly close quarters. Generally two hunters attack a bear, and in their fragile caiaks defy him. There is something peculiar in the physical build of these Esquimaux, who pass most of their lives in these frail boats. Introduced into his caiak something like a cork in a bottle, every interstice between the man's body and the circular hole he gets into being plugged up with waterproof skins, he has the fullest movement of the torso from the waist upward. From using the short paddle the arms of the Esquimaux are wonderfully developed, and the lance is thrown with exceeding power. From his waist down, from his cramped position and want of use of legs, he has little or any strength in his loins, and so taking this northern Indian as a type of physical training, he has the power of an athlete from his waist upward, and the feebleness of a child from his waist downward. Loss in one direction he has made up, however, in another. His skill and address in a caiak surpass that of any other human being who ventures on the water. In this frail construction of skin stretched on thin ribs of bone, the whole length of the caiak not exceeding 16 feet, the Esquimau will not hesitate to attack the bear. Some of his spears are so constructed that the point, attached to a long coil of skin rope, remains in the animal, while the shaft can be withdrawn.

If he is a hunter with a full stock of weapons, having made his cast, he withdraws the point, gets back the stock, puts on a fresh barb to his lance, and plunges it again into the quarry. It will be noticed in the illustration that the Esquimau to the front has cleverly anchored himself, as it were, to the ice by means of his paddle. The caiak is so mobile, giving way so readily to any motion, that unless the hunter had it fast to the ice, he could not deliver his spear with sufficient force. The other man in his caiak awaits the moment when the bear, retreating from the attack, will near him, when, in his turn, he will deliver his lance. Accustomed as is the white man to his own weapon, the rifle, and its tremendous effects on animals, the skill and pluck of these Esquimaux in hunting the bear can be appreciated. The bear is an animal with a singular tenacity of life, and requires a great deal of killing. Its long hair offers a maximum of resistance, and so, looking at the spears and lances used by the natives, one wonders how they can be made effective.

It may be said, in an illustrative sense, that scenes of polar life have heretofore been singularly wanting in precision. In search of subjects artists penetrate most lands; but in the arctic circle nature is not inviting. Pictorially worked into color, the opalescent flashings of the aurora borealis yet await the master-hand. Who will paint for us those luminous veils that drape the bitter cold blue skies, those vast curtains of fringed light that trail along the heavens, and seem to rustle and crackle as they sweep along? Mr. D. Smith's study showing us animal nature at the north pole besides its artistic characteristics has its archæological side. It shows us the present, and the present in this frigid and isolated zone has known but little change, and so we get an inkling of man's ways in the long-gone past.

THE NEW MINISTER TO BRAZIL.

THE Hon. Edwin Hurd Conger, of Iowa, whose appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Brazil was confirmed by the Senate on September 27th, was born in Knox County, Illinois, on March 7, 1843. He was educated at Lombard University, whence he graduated in 1862, and like so many American students in those eventful years stepped at once from the class-room to active service in the army. He enlisted as private in the 102d Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served throughout the war. Though but nineteen years old when he entered the ranks, he rose to a Captaincy, and was brevetted as Major for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the field" before the end of the contest. Laying down the sword he began the study of law, and graduated at the Albany Law School in 1866. He was admitted to the bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Galesburg, Illinois, where he remained until 1868, when he changed both his residence and occupation. He settled at Dexter, Dallas County, Iowa, and since that time has been engaged in stock-raising, general farming, and banking. In 1877 he was elected Treasurer of Dallas County, and re-elected in 1879. A year afterward he was chosen State Treasurer, in which capacity he served two terms. In 1884 he was elected by the Republicans to the Forty-ninth Congress, and has been twice re-elected. He has declined to again become a candidate, and will resign his membership of the House to take his post at Rio Janeiro. During the present Congress he has been Chairman of the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures, and necessarily took a prominent part in the silver legislation recently enacted. It was mainly through his tact and perseverance that the free-coinage men were prevented from sending a radical silver-standard measure to the President for approval or rejection. He was also chiefly instrumental in securing the passage through the House of the bill requiring imitation or compound lard to be packed and designated in certain prescribed ways.

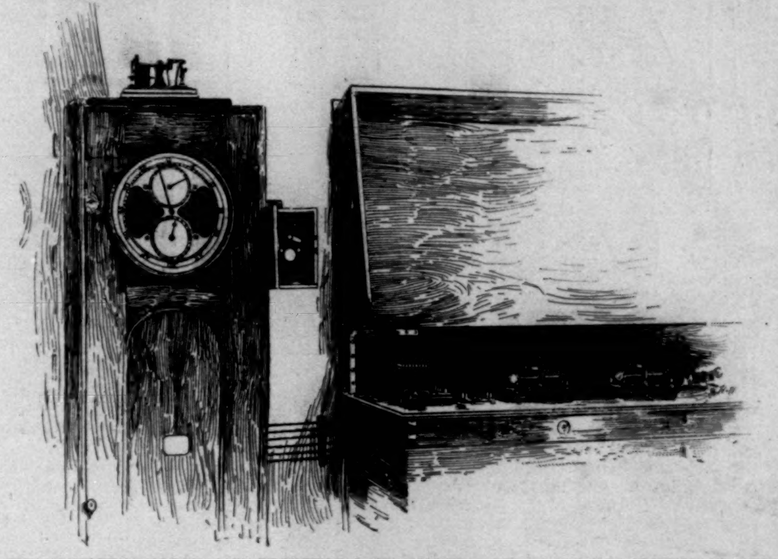
THE TIME WE USE, AND HOW WE GET IT.

IT is a very common sight in every city to see a group of men standing before a jeweller's window, looking in at the clock or chronometer kept there, to see how much their watches are out. But few of the many people who carry watches know just what the time they show represents, and how the standard clocks with which they compare them from time to time are regulated. There is an idea prevalent that the sun has something to do with it, but in what way many would be puzzled to explain.

To get a standard of time which is as near perfection as anything to which we can attain, and which is much more accurate than any clock or watch made by human hands (though we often meet people who possess watches which they think are infallible), we turn to the period of revolution of the earth on which we live. This movement, established by the Creator, is so unvarying that it far surpasses in exactness any mechanical standard which we can devise. Having established the period of the earth's revolution as a standard of time, the next step is to determine this period as accurately as we can, and to decide what part of it we will take as our unit. It is in this determination of time that the science of astronomy is put to its most practical every-day use.

Every one knows that the earth has two principal movements—one of which is a daily revolution on its own axis, which is an imaginary line drawn through it from the north to the south pole; and the other is a yearly motion around the sun. The first motion, by bringing the sun first on one side and then on the other of the earth, makes our day and night, and the second gives us our change of seasons.

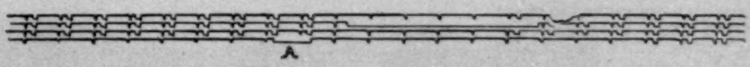
If the earth had no movement but one of rotation, and there were some fixed point outside of it, such as a star, which was not in the line of its axis, and which we could see, there would be little difficulty in determining the time of one revolution by directing a telescope on this object at any moment, and leaving it perfectly undisturbed until the revolution of the earth brought the object into the same position in the telescope again. The time elapsed would be that required by the earth to make one complete revolution. As a matter of fact, however, the earth is not stationary in space, and we have good reason to suppose that none of the objects outside of it which we can see are stationary either. This being the case, we approximate as nearly as possible to the truth by selecting stars, on which to direct our telescope, so distant from the earth that the movements of the earth and the stars, though very great as measured by our standards of distance on the earth, are yet exceedingly small compared with the almost infinite distances which intervene between them. By a long series of observations of certain stars, which are called fixed stars, because they appear to have little or no motion of their own, astronomers have succeeded in computing corrections to their positions as they appear to us,[*] and the apparent places of these stars, to the number of over 200, is given in the *American Ephemeris* for every ten days. The time of revolution of the earth with respect to a fixed point in the heavens which is known as the vernal equinox, or first point of Aries, is called a sidereal day, and is divided into 24 hours. When this point is on the meridian of a place, the sidereal time at that place is 0 hours, 0 minutes, 0 seconds, and this instant is sometimes called sidereal noon.



TRANSMITTING CLOCK AND ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS USED AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, TO SEND OUT NOON-TIME SIGNALS.

While this gives an exact measurement of time that is used by astronomers, it is an inconvenient one for the ordinary affairs of life, which are so much governed by the sun, and therefore we have another standard of time for every-day use; but, as will be shown later, one in which the time can readily be found when the sidereal time is known.

The difficulty about using the sun as a measure of time arises from the fact that the earth does not move around it at a constant angular velocity, and also because the earth moves in a plane called the ecliptic, which is inclined to the plane of the equator. It is for these reasons that we cannot take the interval between two successive transits of the sun as a measure of time, because those intervals are unequal, and if we constructed our clocks to run correctly for one day in the year they would not do so for another. That is to say, if we directed a telescope on the sun on one day, and fixed it immovably until the sun appeared in it again for several successive days, we would find that our watches would not show the same time when the sun was seen in the same position in the telescope each day, even though they ran correctly.



PIECE OF CHRONOGRAPH PAPER.

The small "v"-shaped marks are made by the standard clock, and the broader ones by the transmitting clock. "A," the noon signal. It will be seen that the transmitting clock omits five second-marks before the minute, except that ten seconds before noon the second-hand is switched out and the minute only is marked.

To obviate this difficulty a fictitious sun is imagined, the intervals between whose transits are exactly the same, and which would in a year show the same time as that reckoned by the true sun. The time as determined by this fictitious sun never differs from that determined by the true sun by more than about 16 minutes, while at four instants during a year it is the same, so that noon by the fictitious sun and the true sun are always so near together that we do not ordinarily notice the difference. But if we were to take a watch which ran correctly, and compare it with a sundial, we would find that on November 3, 1890, when it was noon by the sundial it would be more than 16 minutes before noon by our watch, while on Christmas, December 25th, the sundial and watch would nearly agree. The time determined by this imaginary sun is called mean time, and is the time in every-day use; that is to say, it is noon, or 12 o'clock, when this imaginary sun crosses our meridian, and it takes exactly 24 hours for it to come to the meridian again. If the real sun occupied always the position assigned to this fictitious sun, the sundial and watch would always agree. As the earth travels around the sun in the same direction that it revolves, namely, from west to east, in the course of a year the revolutions as reckoned by the sun will be one less than those reckoned by the stars, so that as a year consists of 365.2422 mean solar days,[*] it consists of 366.2422 sidereal days, and a sidereal day is about three minutes and 56 seconds shorter than the solar day. Now knowing the difference, and that sidereal and solar time are the same when the sun is in line from the earth with the vernal equinox, we can readily change one time into the other, and tables are made to facilitate the operation.

To find the sidereal time the axes of a telescope on which it revolves, and which are at right angles to the telescope, are fixed in an east and west line, so that no matter how the telescope is revolved it is always in the meridian of the place. This telescope has spiders' web fixed inside it, where it can be seen on looking through the glass, and the time is taken when a fixed star crosses these webs, which are called wires, because they look like wires when magnified by the glass. The right ascension of the star, which is the distance of the star in hours, minutes, and seconds from the vernal equinox, for that date, taken from the *Ephemeris*, gives the sidereal time at the moment. This sidereal time being converted into mean time by the tables, gives the time we use.

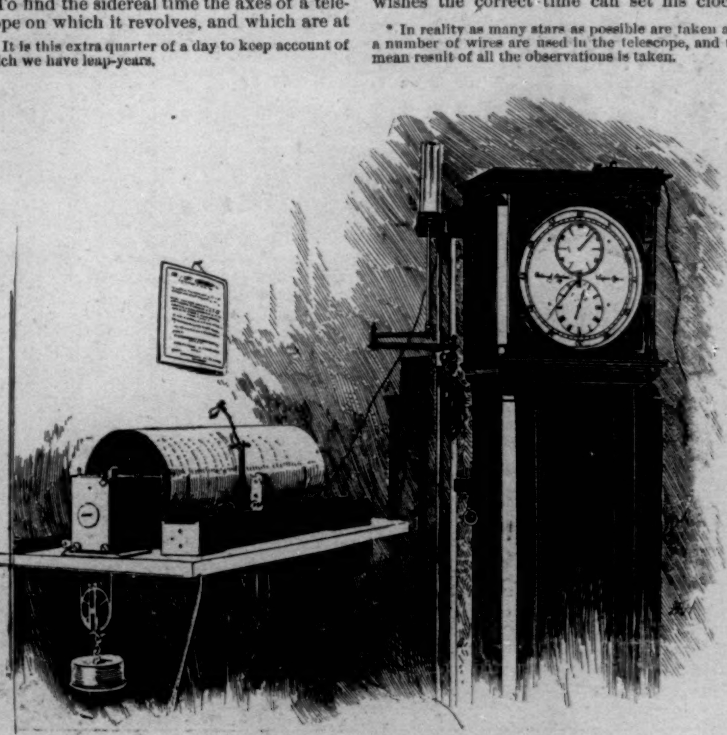
The place in this country which probably furnishes the time by which more standard clocks are corrected than any other is the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. Here a telescope is provided for the purpose, and officers of the navy are detailed by the department to make the observations. These observations of the stars for time are made every night when clouds do not intervene; and when it is impossible to see the stars, the amount the standard clock is wrong is determined by its previous performance under similar conditions of temperature, moisture, and height of the barometer.

The officer who takes the observations has in his hand an electric key, which, upon being pressed, causes a pen to make a peculiar mark on a paper on a chronograph. The chronograph is a cylinder, which is turned at a uniform rate with a slight lateral motion by clock-work, and the pen being held against it by a spring a continuous line is drawn on the paper placed on the cylinder. Every time the pendulum of the sidereal clock swings past its lowest point, it touches a drop of mercury and makes an electric connection, which sends a current through the coil of an electro-magnet, which draws the pen to one side for a moment, and so marks the line made by the pen off into seconds. The distance between these second-marks is about half an inch, so that the seconds can be divided into tenths and even hundredths. When the observer at the telescope sees the star on the wire he presses the key in his hand, and the pen is drawn aside, and a mark is made. It is readily seen that if the mark just before made by the clock is ten minutes and fifteen seconds after eight, and the mark made by the observer is three-quarters of the way to the next clock mark, that the time by the clock when the star was on the wire was ten minutes fifteen and three-quarter seconds after eight.

The correct sidereal time at the moment, which is the right ascension of that particular star, being taken from the tables, and any necessary correction applied in case the wire is not exactly in the proper place, the amount the clock is wrong is found.[*]

The sidereal time clock and the standard mean time clock are then both connected to the same chronograph, and the difference between them found. From this, knowing the proper difference between mean and sidereal time from the tables, and the error of the sidereal clock, is found the error of the standard mean time clock.

Now we have obtained the correct mean time, the next thing to do is to send it all over the country, so that any one who wishes the correct time can set his clock.



STANDARD CLOCK AND CHRONOGRAPH AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON.

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[*] These corrections are for irregularities in the motion of the earth through space, for the difference in time taken by the light of the stars to reach the earth at different times, and for the motions of the stars themselves.

[*] It is this extra quarter of a day to keep account of which we have leap-years.

[*] In reality as many stars as possible are taken and a number of wires are used in the telescope, and the mean result of all the observations is taken.

To do this requires the use of the Western Union Telegraph Company's wires, which they furnish to the government for this use for about four minutes at noon each day. A specially designed clock, called a transmitting clock, is used to send the signal automatically, and at about half past eleven each morning this clock and the standard clock are connected to the chronograph, and the transmitting clock is set exactly right by touching the pendulum, and so making it go faster or slower until the chronograph marks show that it is just as much fast or slow of the standard clock as the standard is slow or fast of the true time. Then everything is ready, and the wires are switched on to the transmitting clock at 11.56.40, and at every second a little tooth on the axle of the second-hand completes an electric circuit, and a signal is sent over the wires. The toothed wheel which makes the connection has the teeth cut away for the 29th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, and 59th second of each minute, so that one can readily tell the time by the signals, knowing that a minute starts after each pause of five seconds. At ten seconds before noon this wheel is switched out, and a wheel on the minute-hand axle with only a single tooth for the even minute is switched in, and when the clock shows exactly 12, this tooth makes a connection for about a second, and sends an electric current through an electro-magnet which draws down an arm. This instrument makes other electric connections, and each of these can be made to make others, thus multiplying the signal indefinitely, showing that it is 12 o'clock by the clock at Washington at any number of places hundreds of miles apart. The first electro-magnet, which makes two connections, is shown in the picture on top of the transmitting clock, and an eight-point repeater, which sends the signal over eight different wires after receiving it from the one over the clock, is on the edge of the table next the clock. The time lost by the electric current in travelling the distances is inappreciable.

Now a person in the telegraph office—say in New York—where the signal is received, will hear the instrument begin to tick when it is 11.56.45 by the transmitting clock at Washington, and there will be a tick at every second except the 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, and 59th, and 29th second of each minute until it is 11.59.50 at Washington, after which the ticks will cease until exactly 12 by the clock at Washington, when a long tick will be received. If a clock or watch is noted when this last signal is sounded, the amount that it is wrong can readily be seen, for it should then show 12 o'clock, and if it is five seconds after 12, for instance, we know that it is five seconds fast.

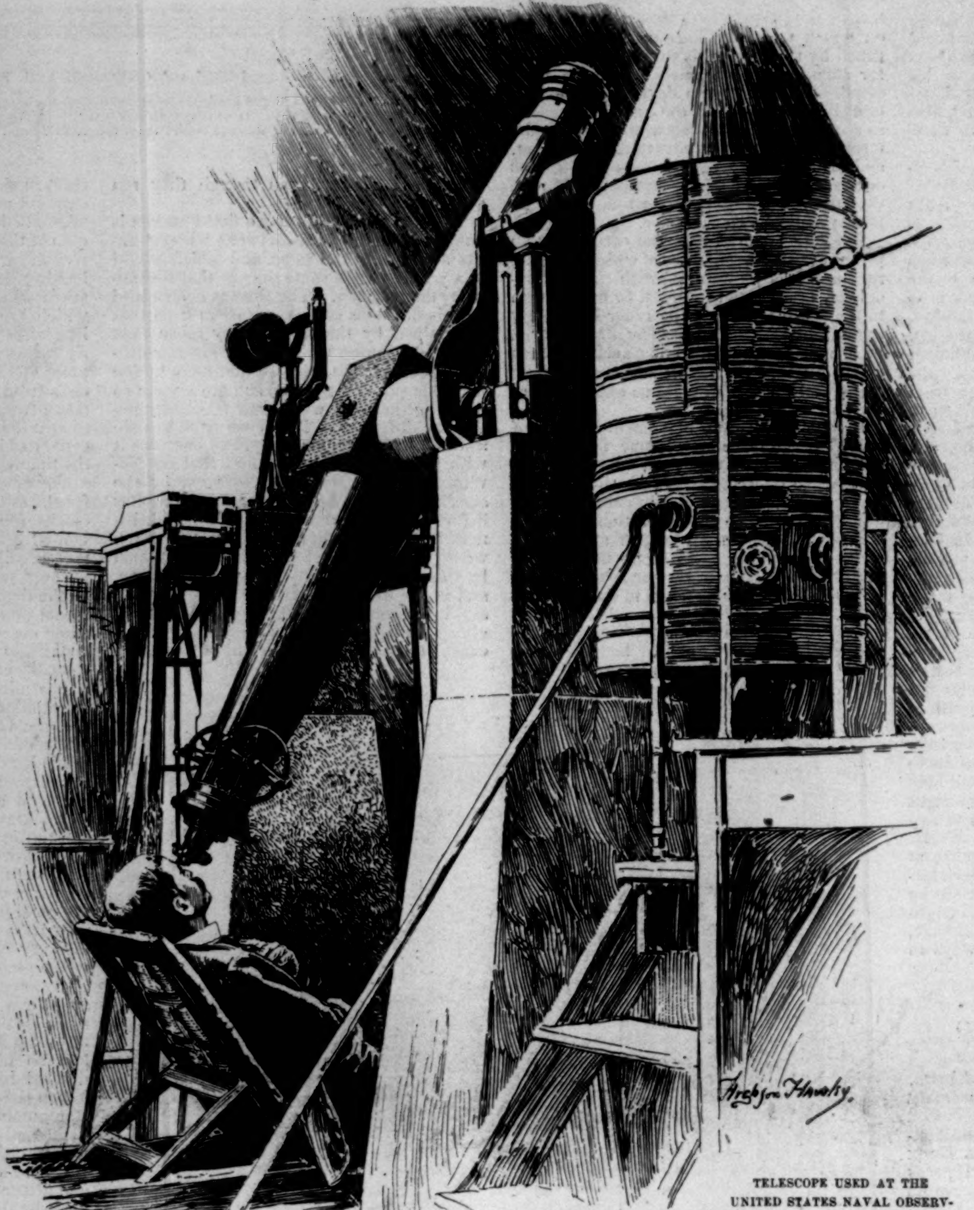
Before standard time, as it is called, was used in this country, the time of the signal was Washington time, and an allowance had to be made for the difference of longitude between the places, but now 75th meridian time is sent out, and is exact for all places from Maine to West Virginia, while the time at places farther west will differ by exactly one, two, or three hours, according to the time belt that they are in. Chicago, for instance, on receiving the signal would know that the time there was exactly 11 o'clock instead of 12.

Besides sending a simple signal, which is only the click of a telegraph instrument, an arrangement is made in some cities so that a time-ball is dropped from some prominent point by the signal, so that the time of noon can be seen by a number of people; and clocks are now made, and connected by wire to the observatory, with a device which, when the signal is received, causes the hands to jump to 12, no matter where they may be.

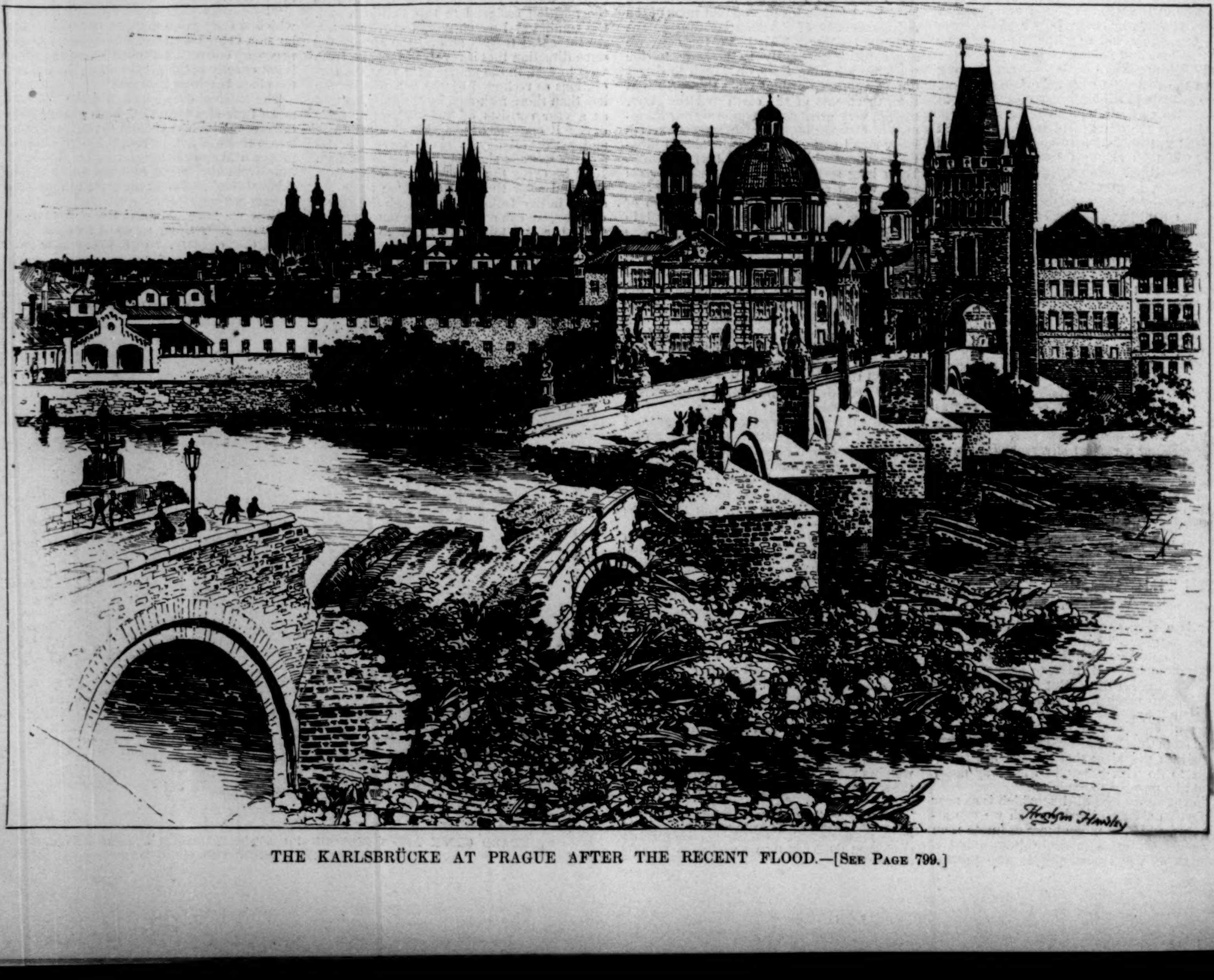
We can appreciate the importance of determining the correct time and furnishing it to the country when we think how many things are dependent on it, and the loss of life that may be caused on railways by the officials not having it.

But what impresses us most in looking into the question of time is the completeness of the laws which govern the motion of the earth on which we live, which make its movements so exact and regular that they furnish us the means of correcting the irregularities of the most carefully constructed clocks which the ingenuity of man can devise.

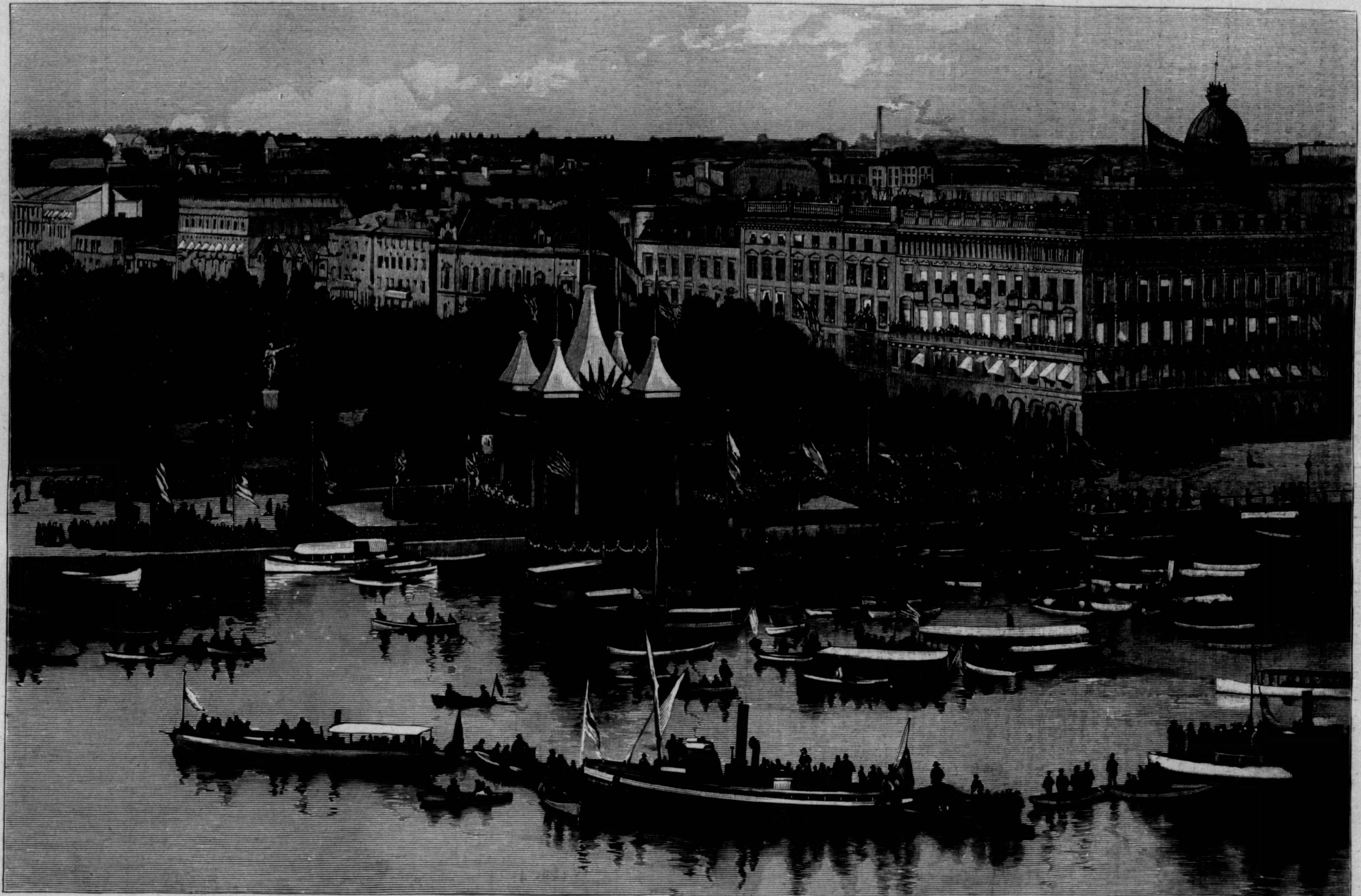
J. A. HOOGEWERFF,
Ensign, U. S. Navy.



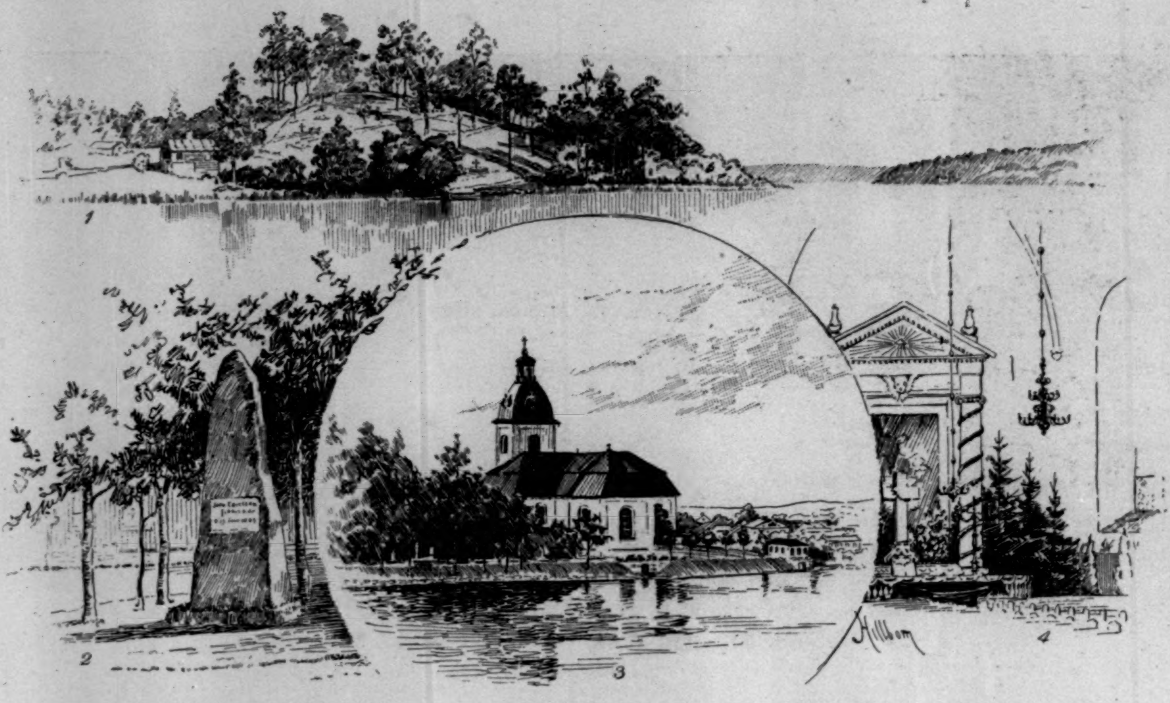
TELESCOPE USED AT THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, FOR OBSERVATIONS OF THE STARS TO DETERMINE THE TIME.



THE KARLSBRÜCKE AT PRAGUE AFTER THE RECENT FLOOD.—[SEE PAGE 799.]



FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN ERICSSON AT STOCKHOLM.—Drawn by Charles Graham from a Photograph.—[See Page 798.]



SKETCHES FROM FILIPSTAD, SWEDEN, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF JOHN ERICSSON.—Drawn by Henrik Hillbom.

1. The new Cemetery, showing the situation of the Grave at the Summit. 2. Memorial Stone at Ericsson's Birthplace. 3. The Church at Filipstad. 4. Altar Decoration in the Church.

THE BURIAL OF ERICSSON.

Among the great names of those whose genius has advanced civilization by harnessing physical forces for man's use, that of Captain John Ericsson will stand foremost among the very first. The number of great inventions which he fathered, the results which they achieved, the difficulties under which they were carried to success, are almost without parallel. He belongs to the United States as much as he does to Sweden—the birthplace which he so passionately loved, and to which his remains were so recently transferred with international honors. It was in the United States that many if not most of his important inventions were made and applied. To him our country owes the construction of the Monitor, involving a theory of naval construction which he had conceived in Sweden before he was twenty-six years old, which he had offered to Napoleon III. at the time of the Crimean war, but which was destined to remain *in posse* till it was produced in time to confer an unrivalled service on his adopted country, and at once revolutionize the art of building war ships. But the claims of Ericsson to the world's esteem are fresh in the mind from recent discussion, and this is not the place to rehearse them again. Never was a national honor more worthily bestowed than that which sent the body of the dead inventor back to his native land in one of our finest war ships, commanded by one of our most distinguished officers. The country owed this to itself, to Sweden, and to Ericsson's memory. It is interesting to know that the man who bestowed a service on this country at a critical moment, worth many thousands of men and millions of money, had a connection with the land of his adoption extending centuries back from the beginning of his own life. The Ericsson family claimed direct unbroken descent from Leif Ericsson, who discovered New England A.D. 1000, nearly 500 years before the coming of Columbus. Of this fact the inventor was very proud, and he frequently alluded to it among his intimates.

The body of Captain Ericsson—a title which he always cherished, as it had been his grade in the Swedish army when he resigned, at the age of twenty-six, to seek a larger field for his genius and ambition—after imposing ceremonies in New York, was transferred to the war ship *Baltimore*, under the command of Captain Schley. This appropriate funeral barge arrived at Stockholm on September 14th. The body was then transferred to the charge of the American Minister, and by the latter to Admiral Peyron, chief of the Swedish Marine. The ceremonies at Stockholm were of an imposing character, and all classes, from prince to peasant, paid the tribute of admiration to the most eminent man produced by Sweden for a century. The procession to the railway station where the train was waiting to convey the body to the place of Ericsson's nativity passed through the open ranks of a hundred thousand spectators, who stood with doffed hats and bowed heads, and consisted of the royal family, officers of the government, the diplomatic corps, officers of the army and navy, the municipal authorities, and the guard of honor. The funeral car was heavily draped in black, and left the Stockholm station in the afternoon of the day of the arrival of the *Baltimore*, for Wermland, where Ericsson was born.

The province of Wermland is a wooded highland on the borders of Norway, to the west of Stockholm. Cut by watercourses, dotted with fine lakes, carrying beneath its surface of picturesque hill and forest enormous and varied wealth of minerals, it, like the Scottish border so famous in romance and story, was the scene of innumerable battles and forays in the contests between Norway and Sweden. It was from the mining regions of Sweden that the great popular movements in favor of liberty took their rise. Wermland shared with Dalecarlia—where Gustavus Vasa, the father of a greater Sweden, found the following which ultimately destroyed Danish usurpation—the glory of being the most active home of Swedish love of liberty in the past. The mines of Wermland have been worked for more than five hundred years; and here to-day are found some of the most valuable mining and manufacturing industries of Sweden. It was fit that so great a genius as that of John Ericsson should have been born amidst surroundings so picturesque, in a region at once ennobled by the romance of its history and the great industrial interests which centre within its borders.

The small hamlet of Langbeingshyttan, in the mining district of Filipstad, where Ericsson first saw the light, is immediately on the direct line between Stockholm and Christiania, and the railway over which his remains were carried was built by his own brother Nils, who was made a noble for his engineering genius. The passage of the funeral train was accompanied by profuse demonstrations of respect all along the line. The last journey of the great inventor ended on the morning of September 15th. The entire population entered into the funeral procession, and twelve stalwart miners carried the catafalque into the village church, where the last services were performed by the venerable Bishop Rundgren. The coffin was finally deposited in a mortuary chapel, which had been specially built for the purpose in the cemetery of Filipstad. The monument which already exists near the house where he was born is a massive, irregular shaft of unhewn rock, with the simplest of inscriptions. No better epitaph could be written than the words in which one of the greatest of English engineering authorities sums up the qualities of his genius: "In all the attributes of mechanical genius, in originality of conception, joined with chastened sobriety of judgment, in penetrating analysis of the conditions to be fulfilled, and in skilful adaptation of means to the ends to be attained, no engineer who has appeared since the days of Watt and Murdock is comparable to John Ericsson. Every department of engineering art is stamped with the record of his triumphs."

DR. GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

On Wednesday of last week, at Englewood, New Jersey, in his eighty-third year, passed away Dr. George B. Cheever—a man of fine gifts and of varied scholarship, of intense energy of character, a powerful and popular preacher and lecturer, and some thirty odd years ago one of the most active spirits of his time. If he had passed away two and a half or three decades ago, his death would have caused a sensation. As it is, having outlived friends and associates, and the times having changed, he has for some years been rather a memory than a living reality. Time was when he fought alongside of Beecher and Chapin and Wendell Phillips and Garrison and the others; but the end at which they aimed has long since been reached, and now he, like the others, has gone to his rest, and, let us say it, his reward.

Born at Hallowell, Maine, April 17, 1807, he graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1830. He was soon afterward ordained minister of the Howard Street Congregational Church, at Salem, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1836. He was already a man of pronounced character; for in his student days he had contributed acceptable and effective papers to the *United States Literary Gazette*, to the *American Monthly Magazine*, and even to the *North American Review*. Of an active and controversial turn of mind, he was no sooner settled in the ministry than he began to take a prominent part in the Unitarian disputes then lively, and in the temperance question. In connection with the latter he made quite a sensation, and brought to himself no little inconvenience. In 1835 he published a dream entitled *Deacon Giles's Distillery*, which, as it abounded with personalities, brought down upon him the indignation of the mob, led to his trial for libel, and to imprisonment in Salem jail for thirty days.

On the expiration of his sentence he visited Europe, where he remained for some time, and on his return he became pastor of the Allen Street Presbyterian Church, in this city. His health becoming impaired, he again visited Europe in 1844, and his experiences on this occasion he turned to good account in a series of volumes, which were well received by the reading public. He was back in New York in 1846, and we soon find him in editorial charge of *The Evangelist*, and, a little later, pastor of the newly formed Congregational Church of the Puritans. His life from this date was one of incessant activity. From the pulpit and through the press he denounced slavery, poured out the vials of his wrath upon slave-holders, and in impassioned language appealed for liberty for the colored race. At this period some of his best friends thought that he went to extremes, that his language was often unguarded, and that in his zeal as a polemic he overlooked the duties of the preacher of the gospel of Christ. As it was, he commanded for a time crowded houses. But the Church of the Puritans was not an enduring success.

In 1867 the doctor retired from what may be called active public life, and established his home at Englewood, New Jersey. His interest in public questions, however, never flagged, and the flame of his zeal in the cause of truth and righteousness burned to the last. Dr. Cheever's activity and productiveness are not to be measured by his pulpit and platform work alone. His published works are numerous, and some of them are of enduring value. His *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*, which largely reveal the character of the man's mind, is a book which is known and prized the world over, and holds its place in spite of numerous and multiplying competitors.

THE NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

General E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, who has been appointed by the President to succeed the Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, now President of the World's Columbian Commission, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on November 13, 1841, and is the son of the well-known ironmaster Edward Burd Grubb. He was educated in the common schools of Burlington and at Burlington College. He was one of the earliest to enter the service of the government at the beginning of the war, and was a Second Lieutenant at the first battle of Bull Run. Soon he became First Lieutenant in the Third New Jersey Regiment, a part of General Kearny's brigade. He did duty on the staff of Colonel Taylor, and took part in the battles of Gaines Mills and White Oak Creek. As member of the staff of General Torbett he rendered marked service at the battle of Crampton's Gap. In November, 1862, he was appointed Major of the Twenty-third New Jersey Regiment, and in a short time rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel. He was engaged in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On the expiration of the term of service for which his regiment had enlisted he was placed in charge of a recruiting camp, and raised two regiments of volunteers—the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh New Jersey. In 1864 he was once more in the field, and under the command of General Grant, and was brevetted Brigadier-General in 1865 for valuable services before Petersburg.

At the close of the war General Grubb returned to Burlington and settled down to business life, his attention being given to the large iron interests built up by his father. He had married in 1863 Miss Elizabeth Wadsworth Van Rensselaer, daughter of the Rev. Courtlandt Van Rensselaer. The elder Grubb died in 1867, leaving the care of his extensive affairs to the son, who has been accredited with good judgment in their management, and consequently with the possession of large wealth. General Grubb has taken considerable interest in public matters, locally and otherwise. He has been a member of the Common Council of Burlington, and held various positions of trust. When M. de Lesseps made his first trip through the Suez Canal, General Grubb accompanied him, and furnished a description of the journey to *Lippincott's Magazine*. At one time he was State Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. He commanded the New Jersey battalion at the Yorktown Centennial, on which occasion it won the national prize, and has been for a number of years the chief officer of the Philadelphia City Troop. In 1889 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, Leon Abbett being his Democratic opponent. He was defeated, getting 123,992 votes to Abbett's 138,245 and the Prohibition candidate's 6853. General Grubb has a fine home, known as Edgewater Park, on the Delaware River, at Beverly, New Jersey.

THE NEW MINISTER TO PORTUGAL.

The new Minister to Portugal, the Hon. George Sherman Batcheller, has been in public life most of the time for thirty years, and has held many offices. He was born July 25, 1836, at the village in Saratoga County named after his family, Batchellerville. His father, Sherman Batcheller, was a nephew of Roger Sherman. Mr. Batcheller was graduated from Harvard at twenty years of age, and two years later from the Law School. In 1859 he began his active political career by running for Assemblyman. He was elected, and although the youngest member of the Legislature, was appointed on the Judiciary Committee. In 1862 he entered the army, and was commissioned Major of the 115th Regiment, New York Volunteers, in which he soon rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. During the same year he was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, and remained in the hands of the enemy until 1863, when he was exchanged. After this he served for a short time with the Tenth Army Corps, but in the spring he was appointed Deputy Provost Marshal General of the Department of the South. In that capacity he served until he was honorably discharged in 1864. In 1865 he was appointed Inspector-General of the State of New York. He served three years, and during his term performed successfully the delicate and difficult task of reorganizing the State militia after the war. In 1868 occurred the "Fenian scare," during which he had charge of the northern frontier of the State, across which it was expected the Fenians would make their raid. At the fall election of 1868 he was chosen Presidential elector on the Grant and Colfax ticket. In 1873, 1874, and 1886 General Batcheller again represented the Second District of Saratoga County in the Assembly, and was generally recognized as one of the best and ablest members. In 1875 he was appointed Judge of the International Tribunal at Cairo, a court instituted by the Khedive of Egypt for the trial of cases involving foreigners or foreign interests. In that position he remained a long time. Last year, immediately after the inauguration of President Harrison, Judge Batcheller was appointed First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, succeeding ex-Governor Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina, who has since become a Civil Service Commissioner. It was said at the time that his appointment had been urged by both ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and ex-Senator Warner Miller.

It is not supposed that the new Minister's retirement from the Treasury Department has been brought about by any difficulty between him and his chief or his subordinates. The duties of his position have been exceedingly onerous, and he may desire to exchange such a laborious post for one which, however difficult it may become, affords much more time for rest and recreation.

The experience of the new Minister has been varied to a remarkable degree. As legislator, soldier, lawyer, judge, administrator, he has tried many departments of public service. In manner he is winning and cordial, and his legal training and administrative experience will stand him in good stead in his new post. With the Brazilian republic in its present condition, the conduct of our relations with Portugal may require both legal acumen and personal tact.

IDAHO'S GOVERNOR.

Governor George L. Shoup, of Idaho, has been Chief Magistrate of the Territory of Idaho for eighteen months, having been one of the first appointments of President Harrison. He is one of the oldest residents of the Territory, and is personally one of the most popular men in the State. He is a cattle-raiser, but owns also a number of stores, and is the principal proprietor of several lines of stages. He is one of the wealthiest men in the new State.

Idaho has been a Republican Territory, and the enactment of the test oath for Mormons—the constitutionality of which has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States—has disfranchised most of the Mormons, who generally voted the Democratic ticket. There were, in 1886, only 15,258 votes cast in the whole Territory for Delegate to Congress, of which Dubois, Republican, received 7842, and Hawley, Democrat, 7416. In 1888 the vote for the same two men was: Dubois, 8151; Hawley, 6404. So the Democratic vote had fallen off 1000, and the Republican vote had increased by 700. The last Territorial Legislature stood thirty-two Republicans to four Democrats. Notwithstanding the apparent preponderance of Republicans, the new State was considered good fighting ground, and has not been given up by the Democrats.

GOVERNOR NORTHEN.

William J. Northen, commonly known as Colonel Northen—his title having been obtained in the civil war—was chosen Governor of Georgia at the recent election. There was no opposition to him either in the Convention or at the polls.

Mr. Northen has not been engaged in active politics, and his strength lay in his prominence as a farmer. He is President of the State Agricultural Society, and the Farmers' Alliance, which has succeeded in electing a large majority of the Legislature, was strongly in favor of him.

Colonel Northen is about fifty years old, and is not only a farmer in name, but in fact. He was born in Georgia, and his father and grandfather were soldiers before him. One was engaged in the war of 1812, and the other in the Revolution.

It was remarked as a curious and interesting sign of the times that in the semi-official biography which was furnished to the press at the time of the nomination all mention of the candidate's war record was omitted. The fact is that politics in the South is turning more and more on economic questions, and the farmers of Georgia and South Carolina are more interested in securing the elevation to office of their own men than in honoring those who fought for the South in the last war. Governor Northen was chosen as a Democrat, and the Convention which nominated him enthusiastically endorsed the administration of Governor Gordon. The real interest of the struggle, which resulted in the triumph of the Democratic State ticket, is in the contest between Governor Gordon and the Farmers' Alliance for the United States Senatorship.

THE FLOOD AT PRAGUE.

Continental Europe during the last days of August and the early part of September was afflicted by serious ravages from floods. In the south of France the damage was great, and it is reported some fifty lives were lost. In central Europe a more general and still greater destruction prevailed. In the valleys both of the Danube and the Moldau and their tributaries the low-lying cities, towns, and lands were inundated. At Linz, the capital of the province of upper Austria, the bridges, bath-houses, etc., were carried away, the embankment of the river broken through, and the city otherwise devastated. Stockerau, near Vienna, suffered similarly. At Pressburg, in Hungary, the river was more than fifteen feet above its usual level. All parts of Budweiss, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, on the Moldau, in Bohemia, were submerged, and communication was only possible by boats. The railway embankment was swept away, and all perishable goods in cellars and low-lying warehouses ruined.

The destruction at Prague was still greater. Twenty or thirty soldiers (pioneers) who had been ordered to remove the military pontoon-bridge outside the town were carried away, and supposed to have been drowned. Other lives were also lost. It is estimated that 40,000 people were forced to leave their homes. Property of enormous value in the aggregate was destroyed. On the receding of the water the want of food was severely felt, and much suffering ensued. Six thousand loaves of bread made by the military bakers were daily distributed among the poor. The Austrian government forwarded large quantities of preserved meat, and the Vienna Humane Society sent valuable aid of various kinds. A local relief committee was formed, with the three principal magnates of Prague at its head. Among the important structures that were demolished or seriously injured was the Karlsbrücke, the famous old bridge whose construction was begun in 1357 by Karl IV. and was not completed until 1507, 150 years afterward. It connects the old town with the Kleinseite suburb. The buttresses of the bridge were adorned with thirty statues and groups of saints. Among these were a curious representation of souls in purgatory and figures of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Norbert, St. Wenzel, St. Sigismund, and St. Joseph; but the most notable was the bronze statue of St. John Nepomuc. This saint is said to have been thrown from the bridge into the Moldau in 1383 by order of the Emperor Wenzel, because he would not betray what the Empress had told him in the confessional. A slab of marble marked the spot where the deed was committed. The legend has it that the body, with five bright stars about its head, floated for a long time on the river. The priest was canonized in 1728 by Pope Benedict XIII., and became the patron saint of Bohemia. Thousands of people made pilgrimages to the bridge as his devotees, especially on May 16th, the day of his festival, which is a general holiday.

The structure is, or was, 540 yards long, had sixteen arches, and an ancient tower of defence at each end. It has been the scene of many a fierce struggle both in mediæval times and later. The Swedes in 1648 bombarded the Altstadt Tower for fourteen weeks in vain. On the occasion of the expulsion of the Prussians from Prague in 1744, the hottest of the fight took place on the bridge. The stout old pile of masonry has withstood the floods of five centuries, and doubtless would have remained firm indefinitely had not the river undermined the piers. The central arch fell first, on September 3d, and two other arches sank the day after, all with their respective statues, including that of St. John Nepomuc. It is not announced whether the bridge can be repaired or not.

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

It was recently announced by a cable despatch that the Chinese government, with the aid of British engineers and British capital, had entered upon a new work of railroad construction. The news is interesting, as it refers to the progress of an innovation of supreme importance in the Flowery Kingdom. It is one that has been long resisted, and has yet made but a feeble beginning.

There is now in operation in China between eighty and ninety miles of railroad, lying between the Kai-Ping collieries and Tien-Tsin, the nearest port to Peking. This line was commenced in 1881, to carry coal from the mines for a distance of seven miles to the head of a canal, which, for topographical reasons, could not be brought nearer. Permission to build it had been asked of the authorities in vain several years before, and was only finally secured by the declaration of the directors of the company that they must stop mining unless they obtained this means of transportation. Then leave was granted for the construction of a tramway on the condition that only horses or mules should be used as motive power. It was a case of taking an ell where an inch had been given, and the English engineers went quietly to work to construct a locomotive out of such bits of iron and steel as they could gather. They succeeded in making a machine that would run, but had no sooner done so than they were prevented from putting on the finishing strokes. The tracks in the yard on which it was built were torn up, and it was thrust into a shed, either for final retirement or to wait for better days. A few months afterward its completion was ventured upon; and, the government kindly withdrawing its scrutiny, the operation of the little road by steam began without official sanction.

The principal objection of the government to railroad enterprises, while admitting their usefulness, was that they would probably have to be managed by foreigners, who would thus obtain further influence in China. Experiments in a small way were subsequently made, showing that this could be avoided. Under a board of Chinese directors twenty-three miles were added to the Kai-Ping road, and afterward another section of sixty miles, bringing the line to Tien-Tsin. This road is in the northeastern corner of the kingdom, in an out-of-the-way nook, where the population is sparse, and popular prejudices have least to be contended with. Its importance to the further prosecution of the railroad system, however, is great, since it not only demonstrates that the natives can control their own roads, provided that they can pay for them, but it can furnish the necessary supplies of coal for the operation of other railways in the region of Peking and Tien-Tsin. Though coal abounds in nearly every province of China, the mine at Kai-Ping is (or was two years ago) the only one in the empire.

But this is not the first experience of the Chinese with railroads, though it is the first successful one. In 1876 a short line was built by foreigners between Shang-Hai and Woo-Sung, but owing to the opposition of the natives it was torn up, after running successfully for some months, and the plant was transferred to the island of Formosa. The enterprise was injudiciously sprung upon the people before they were in any degree prepared for it, and though it had the countenance of the local officials at Shang-Hai, the provincial authorities felt compelled to order its removal. The situation seemed to admit of no other course. When it is remembered that the introduction of railways in so advanced a country as England was met by a pronounced opposition, especially on the part of those engaged in the carrying trade, the attitude in the matter of such a phenomenally conservative people as the Chinese ought not to appear strange. From time immemorial the canals and rivers of China have been the principal means of internal transportation, and an industry has grown about them that furnishes subsistence to countless boatmen and their families. The natives not only see in the innovation a loss of employment to a large class of the population, but are influenced by superstitious beliefs besides. One of these is in respect to graveyards, which, in the vicinity of the cities, it is apparently impossible to build railroads without disturbing.

The progressive Chinese statesmen have much to contend with. It was not until 1880, when the Russians were encroaching in the west, that the telegraph system in China was inaugurated. For thirty years the leading men of the government had known of the capabilities of electricity as a means of communication, and had a fair appreciation of its value. But it was only under the strong pressure of military necessity that the wall of conservatism was finally broken through and lines to the frontier erected. The breach once made, the spread of the wires was rapid. They now extend generally wherever there is need of them throughout the empire—a progress that may be prophetic of the growth of railways when it shall have fairly commenced.

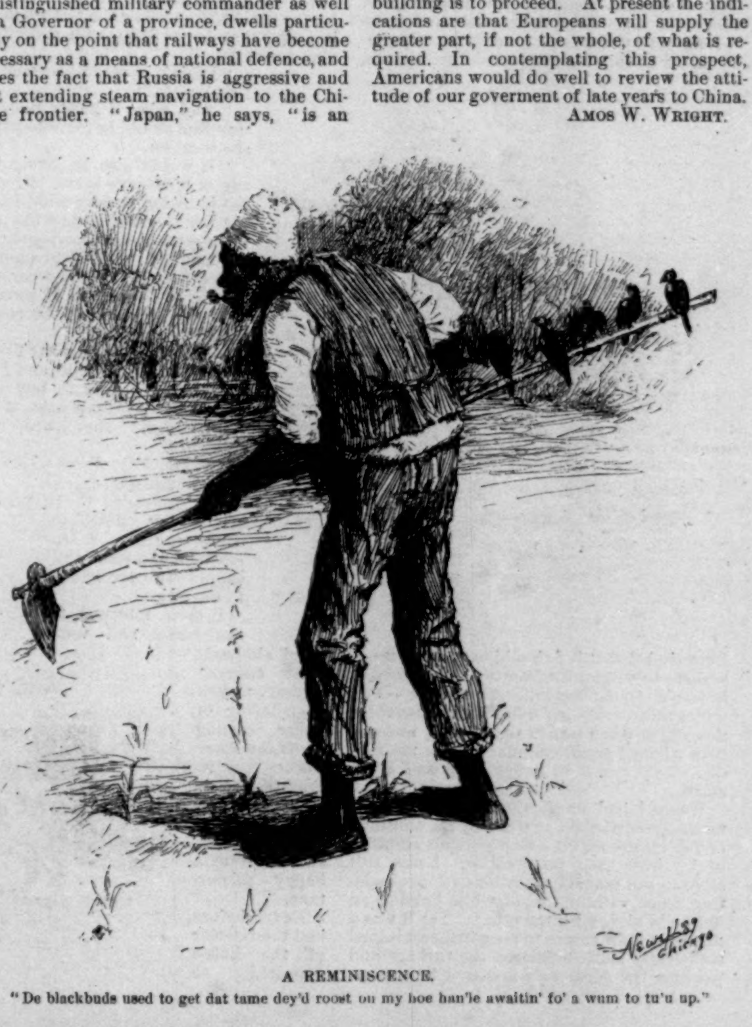
A list of the names of the prominent Chinese statesmen who advocate the roads would not enlighten the American reader very much, but the two most energetic and determined of them have been the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who is probably better known in the United States than any other Chinaman, and Liu Ming Chuan, the Governor of Formosa. Some years ago both these officials addressed memorials to the throne on the subject of railways, setting forth at considerable length the advantages to be derived from them. The arguments advanced were potent, and evinced a full knowledge of what railroads had done for Western civilization, though Li Hung Chang indulged in a few extravagances. He averred that "the speed of railways is ten times that of the fleetest horse," and that when they are built "a hundred million soldiers can be moved to a given place in a few days." With respect to the objection that the "fields, homes, and graves of the people" will be interfered with, he asserted, with very liberal views as to the flexibility of a railroad, that the present government highways could be used, as "the permanent way will not require much more than ten feet....In places where the government road is too narrow, a strip of land can be bought, and paid for liberally; and if graves do present themselves in the way of the line, they can easily be avoided by a slight detour." He had great confidence in Liu Ming Chuan, and said that if the railway system were adopted "its management from first to last should be intrusted to him." Nor is there the slightest probability that Li Hung Chang and Liu Ming Chuan had quietly formed themselves into a construction company, with an eye to the contracts for building the road at double its proper cost—so much has the Celestial mind yet to learn of the ways of advanced civilization.

The memorial of Liu Ming Chuan, who is a distinguished military commander as well as a Governor of a province, dwells particularly on the point that railways have become necessary as a means of national defence, and notes the fact that Russia is aggressive and fast extending steam navigation to the Chinese frontier. "Japan," he says, "is an extremely small country—like a pill. Her rulers, however, have adopted Western mechanical arts, and relying on her possession of railways, she attempts, now and again, to be arrogant.... and to despise China, and gives us no small amount of trouble on the slightest pretext." These memorials and other influences led to a decree on February 14, 1889, from the Empress Dowager Tsze Hsi, then Regent, announcing that in the opinion of the throne it was advisable to enter upon the building of railways; but since the matter could not be too fully considered, requesting the Viceroys, Governors of provinces, and military and naval commanders—thirteen individuals in all—to forward their views on the subject to the government. The result was an expression on the part of a large majority of those called upon in favor of the movement. A decision has been reached, accordingly, and the subsequent problem is one of money and material.

The construction of a great trunk line, about a thousand miles in length, from Peking to Han-Kow on the Yang-tse-Kiang River, has been determined upon, and it is to be carried forward as ways and means appear. The cost is estimated at about $20,000 a mile, or $20,000,000 for the main line, and the feasible term of completion is placed at eight years. The feeling against becoming indebted to outsiders is so strong that if it is not overcome much delay apparently will be involved. The financial system of China is not adapted to the raising of capital for such projects, but if the money is borrowed abroad, it would seem that a kind of security must be given that, in case of default, would affect the control of the property, and thus the national independence. The Viceroy Chang Chi Tung, who strenuously opposes the acceptance of any more foreign aid, in the shape either of money, material, or men, than is absolutely necessary, thinks that the sum of $2,500,000 annually, which in eight years would build the road, could be obtained at home by inviting subscriptions for shares, and securing loans for immediate needs from Chinese merchants; but this favorable view is not generally taken. Another official can see no more definite way of disposing of the problem than by assuming that "the beneficent authorities will doubtless devise a plan by which foreigners and natives may coalesce to carry out this grand undertaking in such a manner as not to injuriously affect the nation."

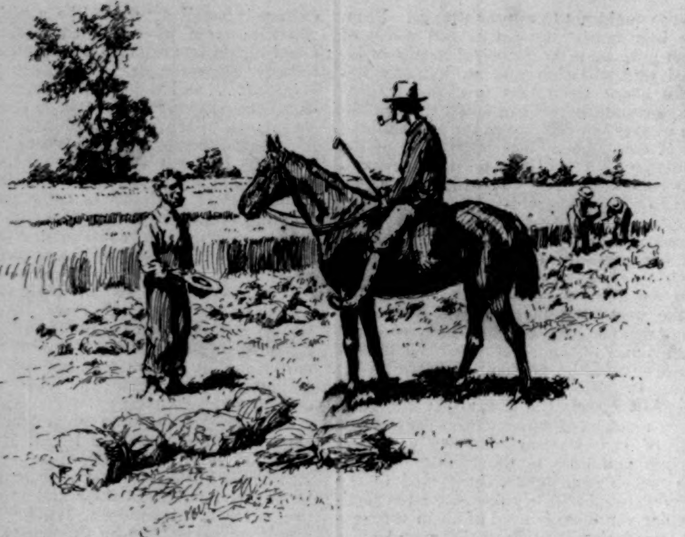
The cable despatch referred to above indicates that a coalition of some kind between home interests and the foreigner has been made in that case, though the road therein mentioned is not the projected trunk line to Han-Kow, but a further outlet for the Kai-Ping collieries. Even Chi Chang Tung is forced to admit that in the beginning foreign material and skill must be used, but he urges the speedy development of Chinese iron mines and mills, and holds that it would be better to use inferior rails made at home than others, however good, brought from abroad. This official is a radical protectionist, and a very true exponent of the national sentiment against outsiders. But foreign material and skill must, in the nature of things, be for many years indispensable if Chinese railroad building is to proceed. At present the indications are that Europeans will supply the greater part, if not the whole, of what is required. In contemplating this prospect, Americans would do well to review the attitude of our goverment of late years to China.

Amos W. Wright.



A REMINISCENCE.

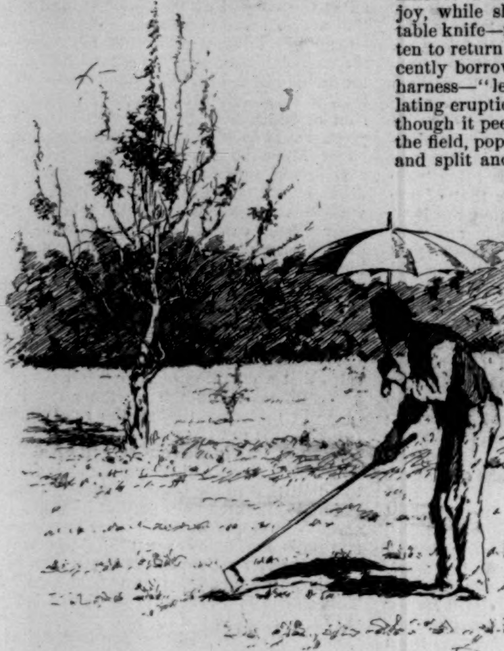
"De blackbuds used to get dat tame dey'd roost on my hoe han'le awaitin' fo' a wum to tu'n up."



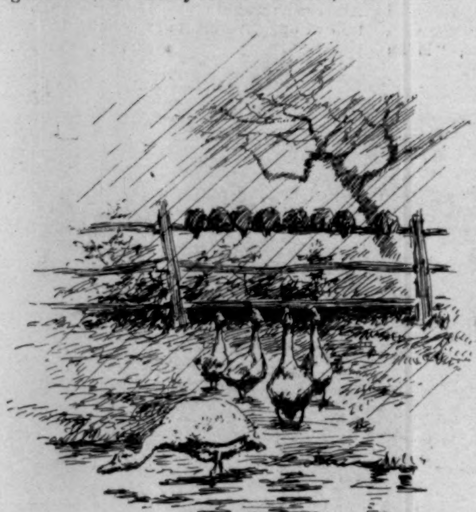
FARMING.

VIII.

AFTER we had ridded ourselves of the man who ran Dove's Nest on shares, with a view to bettering his pecuniary condition—and perhaps ours—we began to feel that there was some golden prosperity in store for us. Everything that had gone wrong we attributed to the gross mismanagement of this horny-handed basilisk, and I concluded that if I should ever deem it expedient to employ another in a like capacity, it would be an agricultural lecturer—one who could enrich my mind with those theories which when put in practice, by another man whom I could command from the saddle, would result in happy crop and aftermath.



While I had no further fear of the elements, so carried away was I by the sunshine of the change, yet I didn't go into ecstasies of joy over their possibilities. I was still alive to the fancied sensations of manipulating a hoe with one hand while holding an umbrella aloft with the other. Yet it was a matter of indifference to me whether it rained sufficiently hard to destroy the turkeys and preserve the geese, or whether it became so dry that the turkeys would thrive and prosper and the geese suffocate and have their livers abnormally developed for *pâté de foie gras.*



"Let the sun pour forth its seething avalanche!" I exclaimed, in the largeness of my joy, while sharpening a lead-pencil with a table knife—my late manager having forgotten to return my pearl-handled penknife, recently borrowed to employ in mending the harness—"let the sun pour forth its scintillating eruption, and I will murmur not, even though it peel the few surviving potatoes in the field, pop the shining corn upon the cob, and split and roast the garden pease until they are in prime condition for negotiation in an open coffee market."

I paced the roadway in front of the house with the feelings of one who has just raised two mortgages at once, and is lost in the ambrosial feelings of real proprietorship. The house seemed a palace that didn't need a coat of paint, although the shingles that extended to the ground were covered with moss of every possible shade of gray and green, and hadn't known an artificial tone for half a century.

"If we ever own a house," said Philada, studying the moss, "I think that color would be excellent for the dining-room below the picture-moulding, and that for a dado, with a dead-gold vine for variety."

"I think it would be excellent," I replied.

"And what a lovely malachite tone that would be for note-paper," she went on.

"It would also be lovely for a rug or a carriage-horse," I replied, not knowing exactly what I said.

"Oh, it would be just too lovely for anything in a carriage-horse!" she laughed. "If I had a horse of that color, and should wear while driving a China silk of *sauce crevisse*, don't you think the contrast would be excellent?"

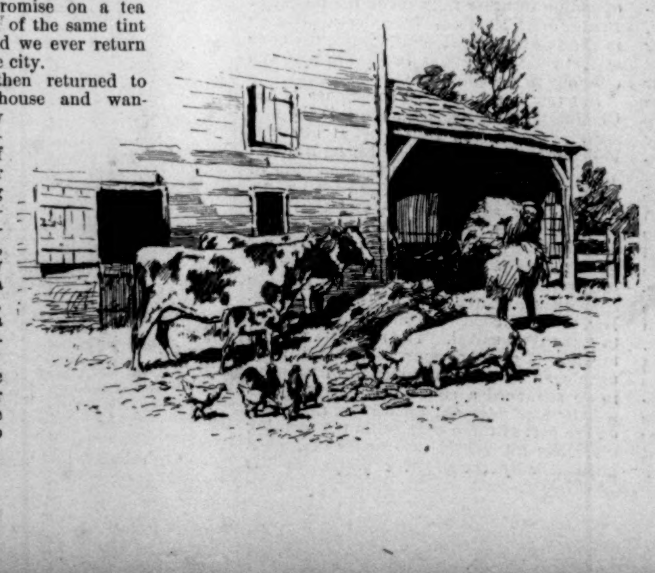
"Indeed I do; I cannot think of anything more artistic, and I shall only be too happy to buy you a China silk of *sauce crevisse* if—"

"If what?" she asked, rather suddenly.

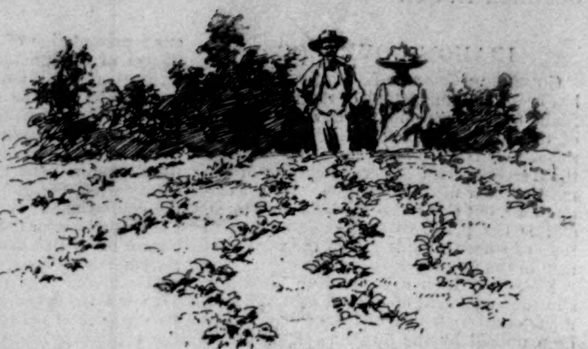
"If you will tell me where I can find the malachite steed."

She pretended to be provoked at this, but offered to compromise on a tea gown of the same tint should we ever return to the city.

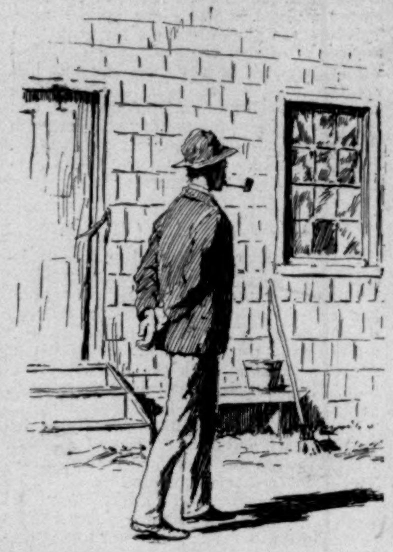
I then returned to the house and wandered aimlessly about, congratulating myself upon losing, or rather casting adrift, the share-worker, for, considered as a loss, I paradoxically termed him a profitable loss, and his going a happy misfortune.

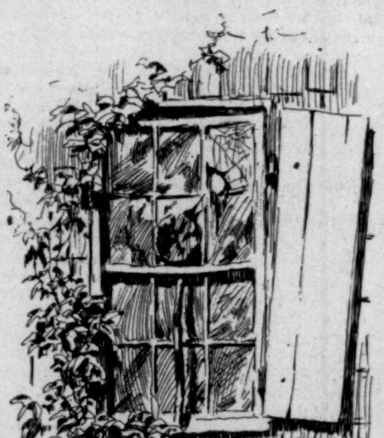


Never before had the interior of the house appeared so charming and full of poetry. I went into raptures over the rag-carpet that contained generations of suspenders and other articles of wearing apparel, and lost no time in passing a fitting compliment upon the maker's regard for the sublimity of realism when I noticed on its brindled bosom a button and a suspender buckle. But I quickly withdrew my remarks upon the constructor's fidelity to the principles of realism in art when I learned that the button and suspender buckle in question had simply fallen on the floor from the work-basket in which they belonged.



Another thing about the place that had always filled me with pain now appealed to me as a subject for endless merriment, and I smiled as I perhaps never smiled before, when I leaned against the mantel-piece and regarded the ancient white high hat with the mourning band that was stuffed in a broken pane of the kitchen window.





Through the spectacles of my contented state of mind Henry Clay became beautiful in the cheap print that probably made him homelier than he was in life, and showed his foot in the background larger than the member in the foreground.

I went forth and fed the horses until I almost killed them, hoping that they might feel as happy as I, and I did the same with the other animals. I felt like filling the watering-pot and sprinkling the geese, when I came across several rows of vegetables that I hadn't observed before. They ran in zigzag courses instead of in straight ones. In fact I may truthfully say that they tacked all over the ground. I could not help laughing immoderately.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Philada.

"At those zigzag rows," I replied.

"And what do they mean?" she inquired, with a puzzled look.

"They mean simply this," I said, as I looked at the crooked rows, "that that man's infidelity to the laws of agriculture was largely owing to his fidelity to the glowing flowing bowl."

And then we concluded that if every departure of a servant-girl could only bring about the happiness that was ours through the going of the share-worker, this would indeed be a comparatively happy, happy world. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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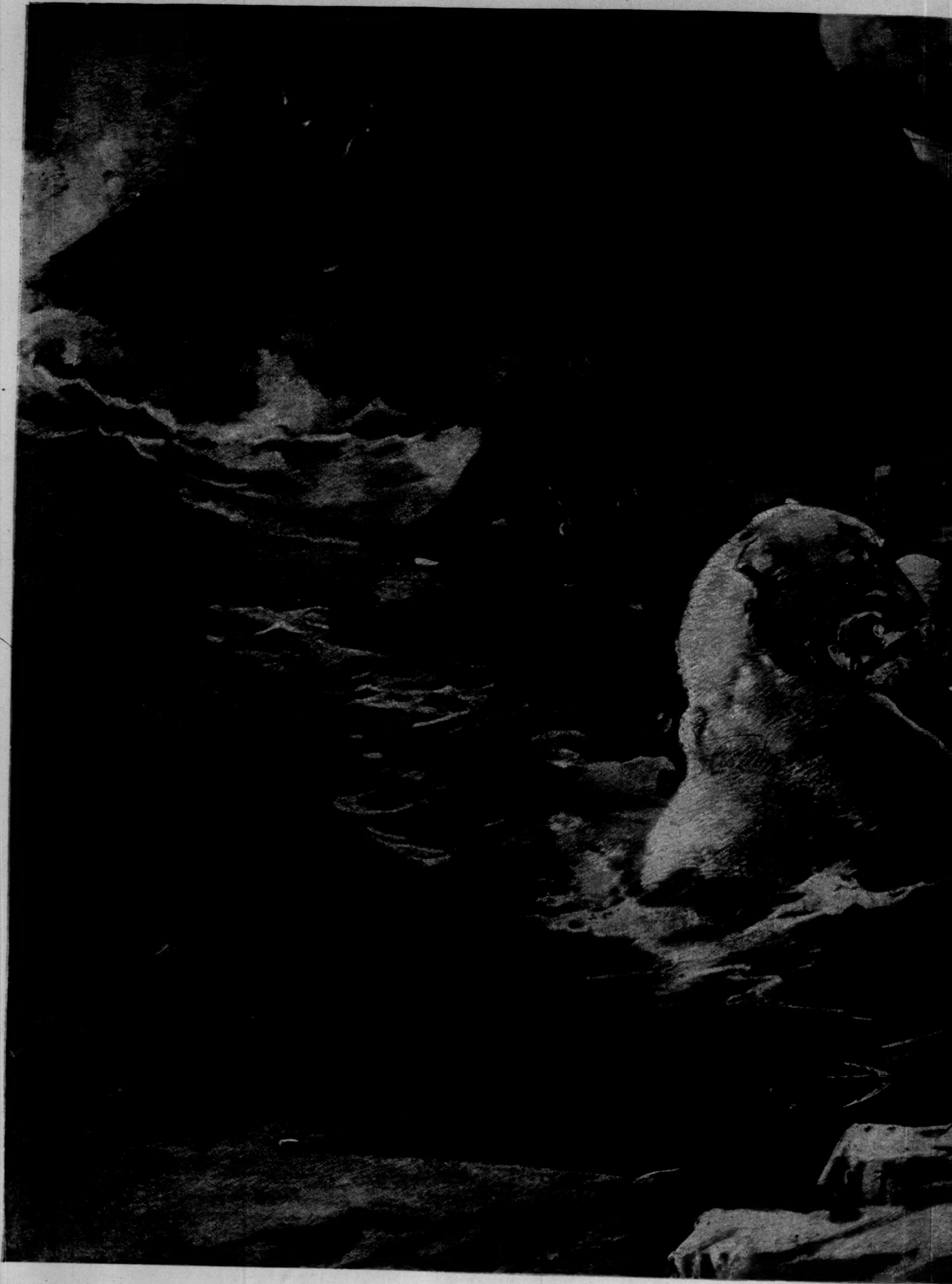

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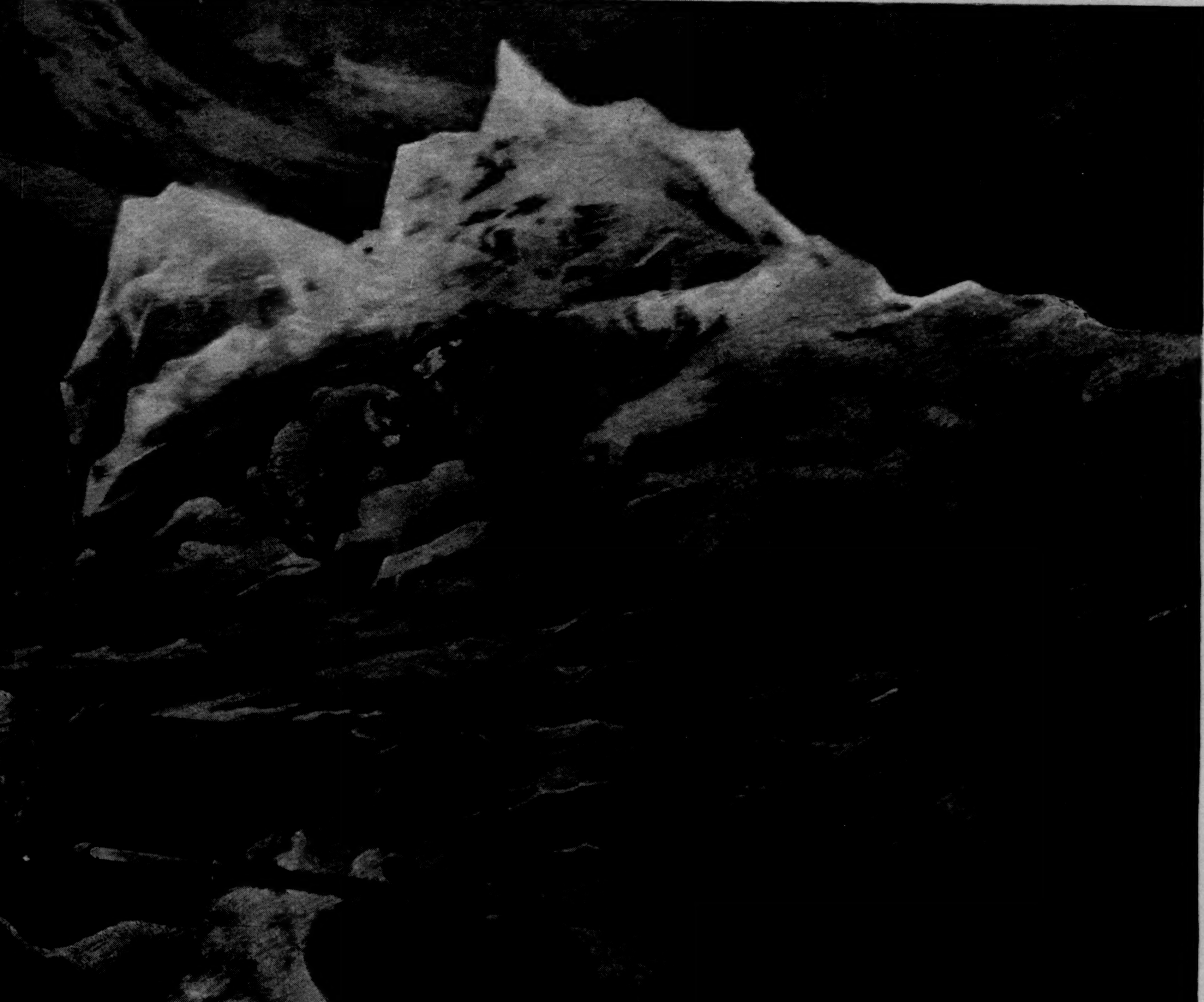

A POLAR-BEAR.—Drawn by D. Smith.

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